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THE TEACHER'S THANKSGIVING GIFT.

Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by C. Mente.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

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Thursday, November 28th, 1901.

For These Things Give Thanks.

NOTWITHSTANDING the deep shadow which fell across the pathway of the nation when its beloved chief magistrate was stricken down by an assassin, the year now closing has been, on the whole, one of brightness, progress, and prosperity almost beyond precedent. Even the dark and terrible deed which deprived us of a President has been followed by events that must go far to confirm the faith of every American citizen in the strength and perpetuity of our free institutions. Once more we have reason to affirm, in the words of one who himself became the victim of a fanatic's murderous hate, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

The nation has at its head, as the successor of Mr. McKinley, a man of the same lofty spirit and noble character; a strong and capable leader under whose inspiring guidance, we may well believe, the American people will be unified as they have never been before, and led to still greater and more glorious achievements. Around President Roosevelt are gathered, also, as Cabinet advisers, a body of experienced, conservative, and capable men, in whose hands the conduct of our national affairs, in every department, is certain to be marked with the highest degree of prudence, wisdom, and unselfish devotion. Never has the American government been on a stronger foundation than it is to-day, and never has the immediate future of our life, as a nation and a people, been more promising and hopeful.

In every national sense the year has been, for us, one of remarkable progress and brilliant achievement. In spite of many obstacles our foreign commerce has expanded beyond all expectation. Our export trade is larger by millions than it has ever been before, and the products of our mines, factories, mills, and farms have commanded an ever-widening market in every civilized land. The wonderful advancement of American commerce during the past twelvemonth would alone make this opening year of the twentieth century notable in the nation's annals.

Within our own borders a high degree of prosperity has been enjoyed by all classes of men in all lines of industry. Aside from the failure of the corn crop it has been a record-breaking year in the productiveness of many of our agricultural sections and our mining lands. In gold, silver, iron, and coal, the year's product will be far greater than ever before.

In these later days a new and compelling cause of gratitude has come in the notable triumph won for pure and honest municipal government in the metropolis of the nation and in many other cities. Every American citizen who believes in the just and righteous rule of the people must be thankful in the fact that the chiefest city on the American continent has been wrested from the grasp of the spoilsman and the corruptionist, and placed under the leadership of men of lofty aims and unselfish purposes. If the year marks the beginning of a new and better era in municipal government in America, an era of non-partisanship and business principles in the administration of municipal affairs—this alone would make it forever memorable.

Dull and soulless, indeed, must be that man who can stand before all this overwhelming testimony to the wisdom and goodness of his Creator, and not be moved to words of fervent thankfulness and heartfelt praise.

A Word to the New Mayor.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS R. SLICER, of New York, in a recent sermon, said that the election of Mayor Low means that "every department of the city will be under the direction of a man of gentle breeding." Exceptions have been taken to this statement, but those who realize the boorishness of Tammany's public officials feel that Dr. Slicer's declaration is thoroughly justified. Mayor Low's first appointment, that of Mr. George L. Rives, as corporation counsel, signifies that the well-bred man is to be given consideration. The change from a Whalen to a Rives fairly indicates the radical transformation which the people can expect. This appointment is perhaps the most important that Mayor Low will be called upon to make, and in naming Mr. Rives he has fulfilled his pledge, made before and

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repeated after his election, that fitness will be the first consideration in the selection of public officials.

"The city's interest must be the sole consideration, and while the friends of the Fusion movement will first be considered, they, like all others," said Mr. Low, "must win their appointments upon their manifest fitness for the work they have to do. The city government must be so clean, so honest, so efficient, and so progressive that the city will not be satisfied with any other kind of government while men who have good memories survive." These are suggestive words. They prove that our new mayor feels the inspiration of his opportunity, but the admonition of the New York Tribune, which has given him such splendid support, must not be overlooked. It says: "It is highly important that the city departments be intrusted to officials, not only of character and ability, but of such prestige as to command universal confidence and respect for the whole government machinery. The mayor's assistants should, in their several spheres, be comparable with himself." This is but repeating the declaration of Dr. Slicer.

It is no secret that sordid and selfish motives inspire the political activity of a certain class of Republicans, as well as of the leading workers in Tammany Hall. It is well known that some of these Republicans have been entirely willing to wink at the creation of sinecures, the letting of fat contracts, and the invention of various "soft snaps" for the benefit of Tammany Hall, either because they have secured immediate benefit thereby, or because they hoped, whenever Tammany went out of power, to fall heir to these spoils of politics. We hear already of Republican seekers after some of Tammany's "soft snaps." Mayor Low's pledge means that all these must be abolished. No matter how influential the party worker may be who clamors for their retention, his wishes must utterly be disregarded, if the pledges of the new administration are to be kept.

The Republican barnacles, spoils-seekers, and contract-hunters who swarmed about Mayor Strong during the early days of his administration, and who succeeded in intrenching themselves in some of the most important places in the various departments, are already presenting claims for recognition to the mayor-elect. If the new administration fails it will be because attention is paid to these political soldiers of fortune, who seem always to be backed up by an abundance of respectable recommendations, more the shame and the pity! It is time for plainness of speech regarding this matter, so that it shall not be said that the warning was not given. There are plenty of men of high standing, established reputation, and unquestioned cleanness to fill every place in the gift of the new mayor, men of the character, fitness, and integrity of Mr. Rives. Let such alone be eligible.

Let Mayor Low not only turn the Tammany rascals out, but let him keep the rascals of both parties out, from start to finish, and he can rest secure in the confidence of the people.

The Plain Truth.

THESE are times when the discussion of the higher education of women seems to be in order, and it was naturally the leading theme at the recent noticeable gathering in New York of the Emma Willard Association, over which Mrs. Russell Sage presided. This gifted woman, in her opening remarks to the large number of distinguished American women present, spoke for the higher education of her sex. The late Emma Willard was perhaps the first, if not the foremost advocate of the educational advancement of American women, and Mrs. Sage said it ought to be the purpose of every woman, at this time, "to make the American home more nearly what it was in Emma Willard's time, a Sabbath-keeping, Bible-loving home, with high ideals and unselfish effort." She added to this forceful presentation of her thought the statement that "the higher education of women does not mean merely the higher physical, the well-groomed, and well-massaged woman, nor the merely intellectual, but also a higher spiritual development." In this connection there is deep significance in the intelligence sent out from Chicago that prominent women of the most exclusive society circles of that city, including Mrs. C. H. McCormick, Mrs. Sartell Prentice, and Mrs. F. H. Winston, have organized a Bible-class, to meet each week, to study the New Testament, and that at a recent meeting fifty women, representing in the aggregate over \$50,000,000 of wealth, attended the gathering and evinced deep interest in the distinctly religious discussion in which all engaged. The news dispatch adds, "Such smart turnouts, such stylish hats and rare feathers, such tailor-made suits and elegant gowns, have not been seen at a Bible-class before for years." There is no escaping the fact that many thoughtful persons have become utterly disgusted of late with the ridiculous and foolish expenditures of money on all sorts of fads and conceits, from dog parties to barn circuses, by our fashionable women. The change from these things to the consideration of the higher Christian life is deeply significant of better things, and it should everywhere be encouraged.

IF IMITATION be the sincerest flattery, then the proposition of the French Minister of Commerce, for the establishment of a French school in the United States, to be devoted to the study of American industrial methods, must be a very high compliment to us. The director-in-chief of the department of technical instruction of the French Ministry of Commerce, speaking of the proposed school, says that America leads the van in industrial progress, and is far ahead of England,

Germany, and France, in organization and methods of work. He believes that instead of sending French engineering students to Germany, England, and Belgium, it would be wise to send them to the United States, "to study, under competent guidance, that audacity, inventive genius, and marvelous organization which have lifted the industrial world of America above her European rivals." No one need be alarmed over this proposition to teach French students the secrets of our industrial success. The American succeeds because he is original, and he is the inventor of his own success. He searches out and then absorbs all the best that other nations can give, adapts it to his use, improves upon it, and gives the world the most perfect result. This is the outcome of the environment of the American. He is educated in a land of free institutions, where every citizen is an independent sovereign, and where the path to the highest preferment is open to all. In no other country has ambition a higher incentive or industry a greater reward. The spirit that gives success to the American is American-born. It is not to be found under conditions that prevail in any foreign land. The French may take our secrets and may imitate our methods, but they cannot challenge our results.

Why Women Need a College Education

Special Article for Leslie's Weekly by Mary Mills Patrick, Ph. D., President of American College for Women, Constantinople.

ALL SOCIAL changes take place slowly. There is no power to which humanity bows with such a spirit of devotion as to custom. The majority of people take things as they are, without much analysis of social problems, and do not like too many changes in society. So all experience has to be lived over and over again, and each generation has a comparatively small share in the development of thought of a land.

Forty years ago the founder of the first woman's college in the United States wrote, "It is my hope to be the instrument in the hand of Providence of founding an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." This was the beginning of a great movement, and it is now almost as much the usual thing in America for a girl to go through college as for a boy, yet forty years is not long enough to develop the best results from higher education for women, and in society as it now stands, many different problems present themselves.

These problems arise in many phases, but they can all be reduced to one common class, depending on one thing, and that is labor. The attitude of the men and of the women in the colleges toward the labor question is quite a different one. There is a unity of aim in a boy's plans that shapes his work all through college, and during the years when he is preparing for his profession, that is wanting with a girl, and the reason of this is not found in a difference in character between girls and boys, but in the different aspect of the labor problem for them. This difference of aspect is largely an unconscious one, but it is practically as follows: The girl does not wish to spend too much time and money on fitting herself for work, because if she marries her husband will do all the work of providing money for the family, and she will not need to do anything. Therefore her college education is not in all cases taken with the same seriousness as the boy usually takes his. Yet the result of college education for women is to increase a seriousness of outlook in regard to all social questions, and consequently there are at present a great many problems below the surface of society which must gradually find a solution.

I will, for the sake of convenience, divide college women in America into two classes, those who intend to do some definite, serious work, and those who do not. The profession in which women have done the best is medicine. Medical women seem to understand what a profession demands, that it is not play, but work, and is not the pastime of a few years, but something for life. In the medical profession the line of separation between the results of work of the two sexes is really disappearing, and a woman doctor who does the same work as a man receives the same pay. The reason may be partly that the success depends entirely on the individual. A woman doctor goes out into the world alone, and proves that she can do as well as a man by doing it, while if her position depended on the decision of an executive body, as it does, for instance, in the case of teachers, she would not have the same opportunity as a man.

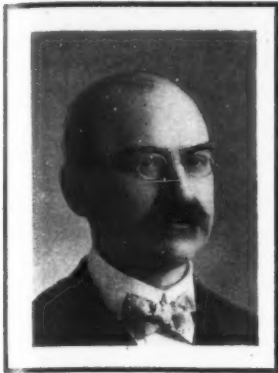
Very few college women in America have gone into business, and that is to be regretted, as there would be another field where the success would depend on individual effort. In general, thus far, women who work select something requiring small outlay. They will not risk a large money investment, or an investment of many years' preparation, but usually crowd into the teacher's profession, where there is so much competition already that the supply exceeds the demand. Some college women are doing well in journalism, a field that is always open to individual effort, and the woman of real genius can make her way as a writer in any land.

There are a few women preachers, especially in the West, and a few lawyers and politicians. In the four States where women have the suffrage, there are more

Continued on page 498.

People Talked About

TRUE to their policy of selecting for the heads of their various departments men of experience and proved ability, the managers of the great centennial exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1903 have appointed Mr. Mark Bennitt chief of the press bureau for that enterprise. A wiser or more fitting appointment could not have been made.



MARK BENNITT,
Chief press agent of the Louisiana
Purchase Exposition.

What Mr. Kurtz and Mr. Ives will be to the art department of the St. Louis fair, that Mr. Bennitt will be to the department of the press, a master in his special field of service. He won his laurels acting in a similar capacity at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, and goes to his new post of duty fresh from his labors at the "Rainbow City." How well he did his work at Buffalo all the world, and particularly that portion of it made up of newspaper men, can give abundant testimony. To his tact, energy, industry, and resourcefulness the Pan-American Exposition owed much of its success and popularity, and his experience in that work, and the wide acquaintance it gave him with newspaper-men throughout the country, will stand him in good stead at St. Louis. Mr. Bennitt has been engaged in newspaper work from his boyhood, his first connection being with the *Herald of Hammondsport*, N. Y. In later years he has served successively on the editorial staff of the *Elmira Gazette*, the *Buffalo Times*, and the *Buffalo Courier*. As the head of the Pan-American press bureau Mr. Bennitt adopted many new and novel methods of securing publicity for the enterprise, and some of the special articles which he prepared are said to have reached an aggregate circulation of millions of copies. In his present position his first efforts will be directed chiefly to foreign publicity, the campaign in the United States being taken up later.

RECENT happenings in England as well as in this country may well serve as a reminder of the bubble-like character of the fame and prestige won at the cannon's mouth. South Africa had been called a "grave-yard" of military reputations long before the Boer war began its course, but that conflict has given a greater appositeness to the term than it ever had before. Many promising careers as well as many lives have had their sad ending in the land of the veldt and the kopje. This time it is General Sir Redvers Buller, of the First Army Corps, who passes into the shadows. In the early stages of the Boer war General Buller was in supreme command of the forces in the field in South Africa. He was a veteran soldier and had won the Victoria Cross for gallant deeds in India, Egypt, and other parts of the world where



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER,
V. C.,
Retired under a cloud.

Great Britain had had fighting to do. The action which finally led to his undoing was connected with the siege of Ladysmith in the autumn of 1899. It will be remembered that General White was shut up in that town for several months with a body of 12,000 troops, and that the siege was only raised after several desperate battles had been fought and the relieving British army under General Buller had lost heavily. It now appears from a recent speech made by General Buller at a banquet given in his honor at Westminster, that after his forces had been repulsed at the Tugela River on December 15th, 1899, he sent word to General White at Ladysmith advising him to surrender to the Boers. For his indiscretion in making such an admission as this in a public address, rather than for the act itself, the British War Office has relieved General Buller of his command. He has been placed on half pay, and General French, who is serving with Kitchener in South Africa, has been appointed to succeed him. A leading British service paper, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, defends General Buller and declares that his order to General White, in view of all the circumstances at the time, was a chivalrous and not a blameworthy act. Other voices are heard in General Buller's behalf and a disposition is apparent in many influential quarters to

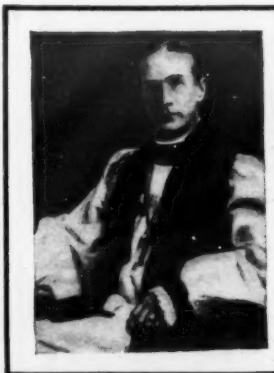
regard him as a victim of jealousy and malicious spite. The general himself has turned on his foes in a defiant and resolute way and now proposes to appeal his case to Parliament for vindication. It is not, therefore, unlikely that the English may soon have something like a "Schley inquiry" on their hands to enliven the course of affairs.

"NO ONE could doubt the capacity of President Roosevelt," says Miss Cornelia Dyas, "after encountering in the rôle of instructor his daughter, Miss Ethel. Physically and mentally they are like two peas. Ethel wears glasses and has the Roosevelt teeth." Miss Dyas organized last year the music department of the National Pro-Cathedral School at Washington, D. C., and continues its efficient and popular director. Among her first pupils was Ethel Roosevelt, and since the Vice-President became President it is quite the proper thing for the first families of the capital to send their children to Miss Dyas. In consequence, the music department has doubled in attendance. "Ethel has no talent for music," said Mrs. Roosevelt, when she put the eleven-year-old girl under Miss Dyas's instruction, "but she is a student and I want her to study the piano." "That the child had no talent had evidently been well drummed into her at home," states Miss Dyas, "but I quickly found that she had an excellent substitute for talent in a concentration, a singleness of purpose truly remarkable. Indeed, so strongly developed are these qualities that they would be remarkable in a mature person. At the first pupils' recital Ethel went to the piano and, oblivious of listeners, set to work as if her life depended upon it, and it was remarkable the credit with which she acquitted herself. She is a perfect joy. Her vocabulary is marvelous—not pedantic, but the natural result of cultivated association." Miss Dyas is one of a gifted trio of sisters who came from Norwalk, Ohio, to New York some years ago to arrest at once the interest of the foremost musicians. At sixteen Miss Dyas played with Theodore Thomas' orchestra and was pianist with Maude Powell, the violinist. She is a pupil of McDowell, of Columbia University, and Joseffy, and is acknowledged a brilliant pianist as well as a successful teacher. Every Friday night she comes from Washington to New York, where she teaches Saturdays at her studio in Steinway Hall, returning to the capital Sunday afternoon. Miss Louise, a younger sister, has just returned from four years' study in Brussels with Ysaye, the master violinist. Mrs. Dyas Standish, the third sister, is a singer, pupil of Madame Ashforth and Monsieur Koenig of Paris. This winter the trio give their first public recital at Washington under distinguished social patronage.



MISS DYAS,
The musical instructor of President
Roosevelt's youngest daughter.

DEMOCRATIC, progressive, and unconventional methods in church procedure could hardly receive more distinct and emphatic approval by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of England than they have received in the appointment of the Right Rev. Arthur Folý Winington Ingram, D.D., to the bishopric of London. For twelve years past Dr. Ingram has been giving his whole heart and soul to mission work among the poor and the degraded in the teeming East End of London, and has been remarkably successful in his efforts to win the people over to better and higher ways of living. He was one of two men who founded Oxford House in 1888, and under his earnest and inspiring leadership that religious settlement has come to be a great centre of helpful and ennobling influence in the darkest region of the English metropolis. Dr. Ingram's success has been owing to his winning personality, his absolute sincerity, and his original and common-sense methods of dealing with the people with whom he comes in contact in the East End. It has been his plan to show them that he was a comrade first and a preacher afterward.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON,
Who cultivates the toiling masses.

He has never been a stickler for church etiquette. Oxford House has smoking-rooms and billiard halls. In regard to these matters Dr. Ingram is quoted as saying:

"You can't get the workingman if you treat him like a baby. You smoke, and he knows it. You play billiards, and he knows it. Why should you thrust upon him a Puritan regimen which you yourself despise? So of dancing and theatricals. You dance and you go to the theatre; why should not the workingman also? We have dancing-classes and a dramatic society here at Oxford House. Our Communicants' Guild meets in the same room where we have our operettas and farces. Why shouldn't it?"

These utterances are as refreshing as they are sensible and practical, and it is significant, as we have said, that the man who made them should be advanced to one of the highest positions in the gift of the English Church. Dr. Ingram's character is well illustrated by a remark which he made to an audience of workmen just after he had been apprised of his appointment. As Bishop of London he said he would be obliged to keep a carriage, but he hoped that if any of his audience happened to see him driving alone they would give him a hail, and he would give them a lift. Dr. Ingram is in the meridian of life, albeit his face is youthful in appearance. He is quick in his conception of any situation he faces, and his work proves he has ripe judgment.

REV. DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER, pastor of the Tremont Temple (Baptist) Church, Boston, who has accepted the invitation to become the pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, is one of the most prominent and eloquent preachers of that denomination. He is almost as well known in Great Britain as he is in this country. A man of broad and liberal views, he practices what he preaches. His life is an open book. As a pulpit orator he has few equals in America. In his visits abroad he is always in great demand in London pulpits. Dr. Lorimer's Boston church is one of the unique churches of the country. It is supported by voluntary contributions, no tax whatever being imposed upon its attendants. It is essentially a strangers' church and is situated in the very heart of the business section of the city. Under his ministrations, the church became so popular that strangers in Boston, of all denominations and from all parts of the country, flocked to it Sundays. The present church edifice cost \$500,000, and stands on a lot valued at \$600,000. Dr. Lorimer is justly proud of the fact that during his pastorate at Tremont Temple, he preached to the largest congregation in America, if not in the world. On more than one occasion he refused increases in his salary. When it became known that Dr. Lorimer intended to accept the New York pastorate, his friends throughout the country started a popular subscription to pay off the \$100,000 mortgage on the church, with the hope of inducing him to remain. Fifty thousand dollars had been raised in this way, when Dr. Lorimer announced that he had decided to accept the New York call. The building of the Temple in Boston had overtaxed the strength of Dr. Lorimer, and he was obliged to take a much-needed rest abroad last summer, but with a \$100,000 mortgage facing him there was little hope for a let-up in the constant strain that such a pastorate necessarily imposes. Dr. Lorimer is not the kind of man who would shrink from such a duty, but advancing years and a not over-strong constitution induced him to give up his Boston position for his New York charge. Dr. Lorimer is a Scotchman, but is thoroughly American in his ideas. He first showed his independence in running away to sea at the age of thirteen. Then he tried his hand at carpentering and later he studied law and medicine, but gave these up to become an actor. It was in this capacity that he came to this country at the age of seventeen. While in Louisville, Ky., he experienced deep religious feelings and resolved to become a minister. He went to Boston in 1870, where he was settled over a congregation and also edited the *Watchman*, the official organ of the Baptists. His success in Boston attracted wide attention, and he was called to Chicago, where he labored for ten years, taking a deep interest in the university there, and aiding in recovering the ground the church had lost in that section. He was also an enthusiastic promoter of the world's fair idea, but failing health compelled him to relinquish his pastorate there. After a rest abroad, he returned to Boston, where he remained until accepting the call to New York. Dr. Lorimer has written much. His chief literary works are: "The Argument for Christianity," "The Story of the Galilean," "Life of Spurgeon," "Studies of Social Life," and "Messages of To-day and To-morrow."



THE REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER,
The eminent preacher.



THE SEVENTY-ONE-INCH AERIAL TORPEDO READY TO PLACE
IN THE GUN.



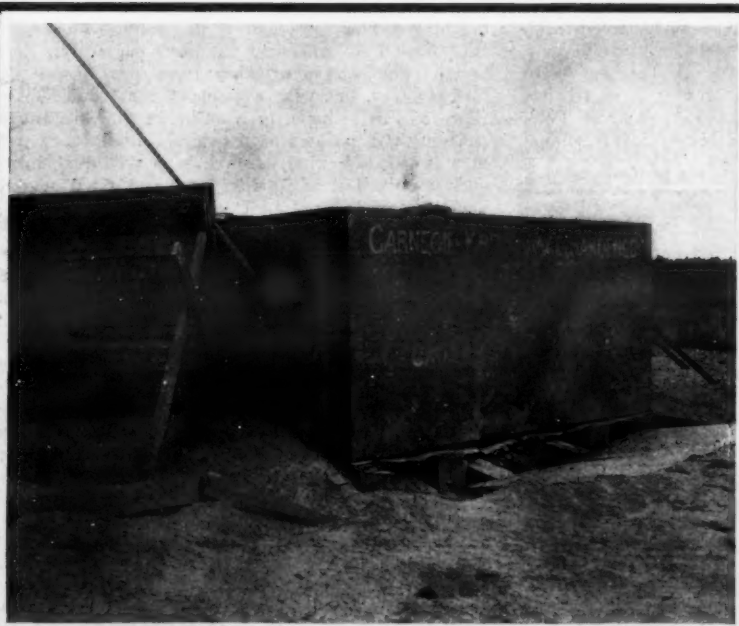
LOOKING THROUGH THE GATHMANN GUN FROM BREECH TO MUZZLE, SHOWING
THE RIFLE GROOVES.



THE FORTY-FOUR FOOT, FIFTY-NINE TON MONSTER ON ITS CARRIAGE.



SHELL, GUN, TARGET, AND FRAMES FOR TESTING VELOCITY.



THE MARKS ON THE TARGET OF THE GATHMANN SHOT.



WRECK OF THE TARGET BROUGHT BY THE ARMY TWELVE-INCH SHELL.

TESTING A NEW WEAPON OF WAR.

GATHMANN'S MONSTER NEW GUN TRIED AT SANDY HOOK, AND THE STEEL TARGET WHICH IT TRIED TO SMASH.

Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by its staff photographer, R. L. Dunn.



KING GOBBLE. By Edwin L. Sabin.

I.

THE eagle floats grandly o'er mountain and field;
His image is monarch on coin and on shield.
From the West to the Orient sea does he soar;
His talons bear message of peace or of war.
But, ah! there's another e'en sweeter than he
To the home of the brave and the land of the free—
The name on the lips of the households is heard:
I sing of the turkey, the national bird!

II.

King Gobble! King Gobble! He dwells not on high;
The level is his, with the farm-house near by.
His throne not the pine, or the crag cold and hard;
'Tis only the apple-tree out in the yard.
With gravy and onions and sage well bedecked,
He reaches our hearts by the route most direct—
Inside of our pockets the eagle may rest,
But the turkey finds domicile under the vest!

III.

Behold how he struts through the orchard and lane!
The crickets and grasshoppers flee him in vain.
His wattles are crimson, his legs are an ell,
His voice is a challenge as clear as a bell.
The year grows apace, and King Gobble grows, too,
Still plumper and plumper, delicious to view,
Until, called at length for the multitude's weal,
He bends his proud neck to the bite of the steel.

IV.

Reposing all brown on the platter he lies,
Receiving the homage of worshipful eyes;
Surrounded by tribute on tribute galore:
Squash, cranberry, cider, potatoes—and more.
A reverent silence. Our thanks we extend.
A few words are added that blest be his end.
And now is he tenderly, fondly interred—
Hurrah for King Gobble, the national bird!



Alaska's Remarkable Judge.

THE FEDERAL judicial officer who probably has the largest territorial jurisdiction is Andrew J. Balliett, United States Court Commissioner of Rampart Precinct, Alaska. Mr. Balliett is a recent graduate of Yale and was a member of the foot-ball team and crew, is a Pennsylvanian by birth and went to Alaska from Seattle, where he practiced law. His district is from Griffin Point on the Arctic Ocean west to the 155th meridian, south to the divide between the Kuskokwim and Yukon rivers, then along the Alaskan Alps' summits to the Delta River, and then northeast to Point Griffin. He covers over 150,000 square miles in his district. His functions are like those of "Pooh Bah." He not only has the regular duties of a court commissioner, which are in themselves multifarious, but he acts as justice of the peace, judge of probate, and recorder of all the mining claims in his district. If Judge Balliett should be called upon to act as coroner in a case in the northern end of his district it would be impossible for him to reach it in the open or summer season, and it would be nearly a two months' trip with a dog team in winter; and if while there he should be called to the southern limit of his jurisdiction it would take him nearly a year. He is probably one of the busiest men in Alaska, is looked upon as one of the few public officials of absolute integrity and high efficiency. He is highly esteemed by the mining population. His headquarters are at Ram-



JUDGE BALLIETT, A FEDERAL OFFICER WHOSE DUTIES ARE AS MANIFOLD AS THOSE OF "POOH BAH."

part, which is a town of about 500 population, established in 1897, a thriving mining camp with a United States public land office and agricultural experiment station, situated about sixty-five miles south of the Arctic Circle. The photograph shows Judge Balliett at his desk at Rampart, and he told the writer that on more than one occasion he had to stop work last winter because his ink froze in his pen, so this summer he has a typewriter.

The Drama in New York.

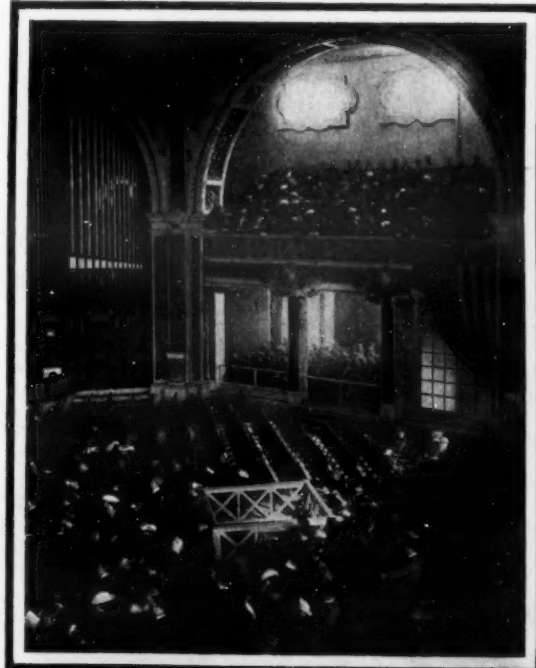
THE REAPPEARANCE of Miss Maude Adams at the Knickerbocker Theatre in a new play, "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, brought with it every token of success. The play is not as interesting, amusing or strong as "The Little Minister," but outside of the first act it is not dull, and, so far as Miss Adams is concerned, it has no uninteresting moments. It imposes a severer task upon her capabilities than the play in which she first created a deep impression, and it is no disparagement to Miss Adams to say that she does not claim to have attained perfection in her work. Experience, study, and a refined judgment show their effects, from year to year, and in her very trying part in "Quality Street" she never for an instant fails. The pathos, the humor, the laughter, and tears of "Quality Street" are delightfully brought out, and as the audience warms to the situation, which intensifies with each act, it appreciates more keenly the delicacy and tact of Miss Adams's conception of a difficult and most trying part. "Quality Street" is a success. One can see it the second time with just as much pleasure as he enjoyed it on first acquaintance, and that can be said of very few dramatic performances in these days. It is a quality which "The Little Minister" had, and the salt which saves it is put into it by Miss Adams. I believe that her field of best endeavor is to be found in such parts as she has had in the two plays I have mentioned, and that in these she will realize her highest ambition and achieve a success that comes to but very few. The cast is small and includes Sydney Brough in a manly presentation of a soldier's character, Miss Helen Lowell, and Joseph Francoeur.

The most noted success in which Miss Grace George has appeared is "Under Southern Skies," Lottie Blair Parker's new play, at the Theatre Republic. Miss George is bright and winsome, and the playwright has given her a part exactly suited to the scope of her powers. Barring a little too much dialogue in the first act, and the intrusion of some incidents that really ought to have no place in the performance, not because they are offensive, but because they are unnecessary, the play moves with increasing interest from beginning to end. Like all love tales, it has a happy climax in the final act, in which villainy is foiled and virtue triumphs. The singing is good, the stage settings are remarkably beautiful and complete, and the cast has been chosen with rare skill.

Burr McIntosh makes the most of a very interesting smaller part. Thomas Burnes appears in a good character sketch, and others who do well include Grace Henderson, George C. Staley, Virginia Glyndon, Alice Leigh, and Miss Eleanor Gist. "Under Southern Skies," from all appearances, has started in for a long run. On its merits, it deserves it.

The spectacular grandeur of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," the English novelty at the Broadway, continues to attract large audiences. It is well worth seeing. The solid entertainments that continue their successes include Annie Russell, in her delightful part in "A Royal Family," at the Lyceum; Eben Holden, at the new Savoy; Charles Hawtrey, in "A Message from Mars"; and Sothorn, in "If I Were a King," at the Garden. "The Liberty Belles," at the Madison Square Theatre, with its bevy of frolicsome and handsome school-girls; Anna Held, as the *Little Duchess*, at the Casino; Warfield, in his quaint presentation of "The Auctioneer," at the Bijou; James T. Powers, in his third month, in "The Messenger Boy," at Daly's; the everlasting "Florodora," at the New York; the lively burlesques at Weber & Fields', all show no signs of giving out.

JASON.



THE SADDEST REMINISCENCE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN—THE INCLOSED SPOT WHERE THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY OCCURRED.—Arnold.

A NEW CONVICT
SETTLEMENT
WHERE ALL THE
ATROCITIES OF
THE SIBERIAN
SYSTEM ARE
CONCENTRATED

HORRORS OF THE MODERN RUSSIAN PENAL SYSTEM

BY
W. JAMESON REID
AUTHOR OF
"UNEXPLORED ASIA,"
"AMONG THE FAITH-
FUL PEOPLE," ETC.

FROM TIME to time, more particularly of late, vague rumors have leaked through the meshes of Russia's jealously-guarded official net of diplomatic necromancy and deceit, which serve to explain the deep-rooted causes of seething unrest threatening to outburst with fearful violence at any moment. The smoke of the smouldering fires of internal rottenness, of which the outside world infrequently catches a glimpse, is but a suggestion of the hidden fires eating at the foundation of Russia's very existence as a nation. The banishment of the venerable patriot, Tolstoi, the simultaneous student and peasant uprisings in widely separated parts of the empire, the eager solicitude of Russian diplomatists to divert public attention from the growing menaces of her internal economy by a dramatic activity in her Asiatic policy, all these are of interest as showing how the wind blows. It is a curious instance of the far-reaching results of Russian official surveillance that, although the world is acquainted in a general way with the rigorous policy of Russian justice(?)—save the mark—yet, what reports have reached the public ears have been of such a vague and illusionary character as to be lightly glossed over with that whimsical disinterestedness with which humanity views things at a distance.

In spite of the unmistakable hand-writing on the wall, which shows that a great revolution is brewing in Russia, greater than the bloody attempt of the 'seventies that ended in the assassination of Alexander II., Russian diplomatic policy, ostrich-like, has buried its head in the sand, and by inaugurating an era of unparalleled severity is but fanning into a wilder and more uncontrollable flame the fire of internal disaffection which it seeks to stamp out.

Recently a brief mail report, escaping the vigilant eyes of the censor, crept into the pages of the St. Petersburg *Vedomosti*, detailing a bloody outbreak in the penal colony on the desolate island of Saghalin, off the coast of Siberia. There was a bit of grim justice in this brief announcement, for by this token hangs a tale of dark iniquity and mediæval barbarity that scarcely finds a parallel in history. Since Kennan's voluminous exposé of the horrors of Russia's penal system in Siberia, the world has been led to believe, by subtle suggestions, and apparent frank and open testimony, which, if sifted to the bottom, would be found to emanate from Russian official sources, that all the horrible conditions which then existed, and subjected Russia to the scornful moral flouting of all Christendom, have given away to a temperate régime which would not compare unfavorably with the penal system of any other nation. This was official Russia. The Czar, who would really be a humane and progressive ruler, could he throw off the tentacles of the lecherous policy of his advisers, knew that it was a lie and refused to give countenance to his ministers' persistent scheme for fooling Europe.

The Czar, autocratic as is his power, is as ignorant regarding many of the social sores festering in his empire as a Hottentot or Fiji Islander. He must depend for information on his ministers, and the deceit and falsifying evasion of Russian diplomacy is notorious. This explanation is demanded in justice, for to lay at the door of Czar Nicholas the horrors and ghastly enormities of the convict system would be manifestly unjust and misleading.

The outbreak following Kennan's appalling revelations taught Russia a lesson. The moral protest of the civilized world doubtless would have given her little concern, had she not foreseen that a defiant and unbending ignoring of such protests must have a reflex action on her future commercial and political relations. She might snarl and gnash her teeth, but her diplomatists were farsighted enough to perceive that some form of concession must be made to a protesting world. Vague promises of reform and official investigation were thrown out as a tentative "sop"; thereafter the innermost of the Siberian convict-system became a closed book. Russia did not abolish the evil or abate one iota of its injustice and horror. She merely hid it further into the bowels of her Asiatic charnel-house, and bound it round with a rigor of watchful surveillance which safeguarded against any future investigator.

But truth will out, and again the horrors of the Russian convict-system are setting the world by the ears. Authoritative reports which have leaked out from the penal settlements of Saghalin during the last six months have prepared the public for a new and horrible outbreak. The *dénouement* has been sensational, but not

unexpected. Not from the unsupported testimony of one investigator, but from scores of unimpeachable sources, and from the lips of convicts who have managed to escape, an array of testimony has been gathered, and the whole world soon will know that on the desolate island of Saghalin, buried from the scrutiny of civilization, has been concentrated a policy as terrible in its effect as the old Siberian convict system in its most atrocious days.

It was only twenty years ago that the Russian home officials recognized the advantages which this isolated spot offered as an ideal convict colony. At first a few of the most dangerous prisoners of the Siberian penal settlements were deported; each year the number swelled, until, in 1884, the island was divided into administrative districts, a governor and executive staff sent out from St. Petersburg, and a policy of almost unparalleled ferocity inaugurated. In this manner were the convict settlements of Saghalin begun, and their history, ever since, has been one long-continued narrative of merciless horror, as foul and crime-reeking a blot as exists on all the fair escutcheon of civilization. According to the official records of the government, there are altogether fifty-eight of these settlements on Saghalin, which, in their comparative isolation from the outside world, and the meagre knowledge concerning this far-away island, offer a fertile field for the past and continued existence of this barbarous régime of official cruelty. If one, by any possible distortion of the imagination, could imagine a system of misrule and horror greater than even the conditions which Kennan discovered in Siberia, even then he would have but a slight insight into the situation as it has an accurate and certified existence. It would be impossible for the most vivid word-painting or the most subtle skill of the artist to depict this, the acme, the consensus, of all the misery and horror that can have an existence in this world. And this is the spectacle with which Russia, with her hypocritical vagaries of international disarmament and peace, confronts the opening of the twentieth century.

The general desolation and climatic rigors of Saghalin accentuate the sternness of official misrule. Except for a few weeks of uncertain midsummer sunshine, the island is ice-bound and fog-bound. Nature is without attractions of any kind; never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in the year. A gray pall of Arctic chill and cold hangs over the universal desolation, as a spot accursed. Desolation forever reigns, to mark an awful judgment; or as if the glowing hills of Pandemonium had been raised from their dreadful depths, to sully the face of the earth with their most forbidding aspect. Great masses of frowning mountain ranges, perpetually incased in a grim mantle of ice and snow, rise in huge disarray, hurled into unutterable confusion and towering grim, forbidding, and menacing, as if to accord with the ghastly horrors they seek to hide in their adamant bowels.

This mountainous condition of Saghalin first attracted Russian official attention. Subsequent surveys revealed the fact that coal mines of considerable value were open to exploitation, which suggested an ideal method of securing a direct financial advantage, and "kill two birds with one stone," as it were. By quartering here the real criminals and inconvenient people, who, to the autocracy, are the most dangerous criminals—political agitators—it was possible to find free labor to work these mineral deposits, which, in itself, was a commendable feature from an economic point of view; furthermore, the problem was satisfactorily solved of safe-guarding against the escape of dangerous convicts. For on Saghalin only the worst class of criminals and the most feared political deportées are found, which, however, does not palliate or excuse away the unnecessary and barbarous rigor of the convict system.

The total number of convicts at present quartered on Saghalin is estimated at nearly ten thousand, and one cannot ponder over the lot of these miserable people without a mingled shudder of gloom and horror. The minor malefactors are seldom consigned to the mines, which, in a measure, is an amelioration of their punishment, but of the others it may well be said that at the gates of Saghalin they may figuratively read, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." No distinction is made for age, sex, or condition. The prisoners, so soon as they are landed, are sorted according to the rigor of the punishment to which they have been condemned. The lesser criminals, chained and logged to guard against possible escape, are given occupation above ground as tillers of the soil or prison attendants, subject to the

petty whims and cruelty of subordinate officials. Unceasing toil, curses, semi-starvation, the "plet," a terrible loaded whip, is henceforth their daily lot; but it is a bed of roses compared with the future condition of the more unfortunate deportées, those guilty of real heinous crimes, and those whom Russian officialdom fears even more, political malefactors.

These prisoners, so soon as they are landed, are assigned to a distinctive number, and huddled pell-mell, like a horde of wild beasts, into one of the gaping holes in the mountain sides. From that day, until death fortunately relieves their sufferings, they are condemned to a life of the most abject misery, degradation, and hardship. The vast subterranean channels become populous avenues of wild-eyed, frantic maniacs. The most brutal immoralities are prevalent; children are born, but no distinction is made for their condition; the steel-hearted overseers give them a distinctive number if they survive to a proper age; infanticide is encouraged and abetted, and thenceforth, although guiltless of all crime, they suffer the fate of their parents.

Down in the dark bowels of the earth, denied even a pittance of sunshine or fresh air, these God-forsaken unfortunates toil on endlessly, until first flies spirit, then reason—hideous, shrunken, tortured gnomes and maniacs, they labor on till their doom is happily cut short by death's welcoming hand. One or two, or at the utmost, five years of this living death prevails over the most vigorous vitality; more often long before that time the miserable wretch ends all by suicide. Small wonder it is that most of them live but a few months; their deaths are reported by the overseer, and in sickening farce the priest is sent for, sprinkles the accursed spot with water, and in an unknown grave they are unceremoniously buried. Sometimes the thrill of liberty is too strong to be resisted, a sudden frenzy to escape lights up the embruted breasts with the faint hope of despair, and, goaded to fury, the bolder spirits start an insurrection, overpower their guards, and rush toward the shelter of the gloomy mountain fastnesses. Like mad dogs they are trailed, surrounded by soldiers, and shot down with no compunction. It is a significant fact that such outbreaks are but of rare occurrence; the pitiless life underground is to be endured as willingly as facing the even more pitiless cruelty of insensible and bloody-minded task-masters above ground.

Even if the jealous watch of the guards and the subsequent pursuit are evaded, there lies before the refugee the certainty of a lingering death from hunger and exposure. Prince Krapotkin mentions a doctor on Saghalin who was authority for the ghastly statement that in the satchels of recaptured convicts were found pieces of human flesh, and other cases of cannibalism have been reported. The only territory near to Saghalin, offering a possible method of escape, if the prisoner is able to escape the drag-net of human blood-hounds on the island itself, is by making the difficult passage on a raft to the main land. Here, in turn, the savage natives—Gilyaks or Ainos—must be avoided, as the government secures their assistance by rewards for the return of all escaped convicts.

It is in the large mines, where no chance of escape is ever offered, that the brutal savagery and relentless ferocity of the Russian task-master find play. As many as five hundred human beings are confined in a stifling dungeon hundreds of feet below the surface, crowded together like rats in a pen. Many of them are insane, and these monsters, in their brutal might, struggling for nature's first law, beat the weaker under foot, and trample them to death in the brute struggle for the meagre pittance of food allotted to keep alive the thin spark of existence. Hapless the rash official who dares to interfere; he finds himself in a raging mad-house of inhuman beings; his lot is often to be literally torn to pieces by the infuriated mob.

But what a fearful vengeance is wreaked! The food-supply is stopped for days, no liberty to the open air is allowed; from the enormous pest-hole come howls of despair, bitter anguish, the unearthly yells of starving madmen. Then a ghastly quiet supersedes this frenzied turmoil, and a little later scores of mangled, emaciated, and crushed bodies are brought to the surface and buried. And so the frightful nightmare goes on from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, the enormous decimations ever surfeited to overflowing by the inexorable grist-mill of Russian justice, a perpetual Black Hole of Calcutta, that never has an ending. Pestilence adds to the horrors of the situation. A virulent disease breaks out and spreads

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FORM AND ORDER
OF THE SERVICE
TO TAKE PLACE
IN WESTMINSTER
WHEN EDWARD VII.
RECEIVES ROYAL
RECOGNITION

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE KING'S CORONATION

NEXT TO THE KING,
THE ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY WILL
BE THE LEADING
OFFICIAL, AS WAS
THE CASE IN SIM-
ILAR CEREMONIALS

SIXTY-THREE years have elapsed since Queen Victoria was crowned in Westminster Abbey. A plan of the abbey, as it was arranged for that event, June 28th, 1838, has been preserved. (A reproduction of the plan will be found in this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.) The "Form and Order" of the actual service at the coronation of King Edward VII., preparations for which are rapidly advancing, will be prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, directed by an order in council.

Whether any of the extraordinary features which attended the coronation of Queen Victoria will be revived on the occasion of the coronation of King Edward remains to be seen. It may be assumed with some degree of certainty that the following order will be observed at the resplendent royal function, at which will be present a representative assemblage of the reigning houses of Europe. The royal guests will reach London a fortnight preceding the coronation, the date of which is June, 1902.

The procession will form at Buckingham Palace, and then set out for Westminster Abbey. Arriving there, the King and Queen pass up the aisle, while the congregation cheer enthusiastically, and wave handkerchiefs and scarfs. The national anthem is sung, and the boys of Westminster School, according to an ancient privilege, chant, "Edward, Edward, vivat Edward Rex." Their Majesties then prostrate themselves before the altar in silent prayer. Recognition, a striking ceremony, follows. The King and Archbishop of Canterbury turn to the four points of the compass, and the latter calls out in each direction, "Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the undoubted King of this realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" To each challenge the people answer: "God save King Edward."

After the Recognition, the King, with his attendants, goes to the altar, and, kneeling upon the steps, offers a golden altar cloth and an ingot of gold of one pound weight. The Litany and first part of the Communion service follow, and a sermon. After which, addressing the King, the archbishop asks:

"Is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

"I am willing," he replies.

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

"I solemnly promise so to do."

"Will you, to your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

"I will."

"Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion, established by law?"

"All this I promise to do."

After which the King advances to the altar and, laying his right hand on the Book of Gospels, says: "The things which I have heretofore promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God." Then, kissing the Book, he signs the oath, and kneels in prayer while the choir sing, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

The anointing is the next act of the drama. The King, seated in St. Edward's chair, or the throne, with a canopy of cloth-of-gold held over him, is anointed with oil on the head and hands by the archbishop, who says:

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed, and as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, so be thou anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this people, whom the Lord, thy God, hath given thee to rule and govern. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The insignia of royalty—the sceptre, sword, orb, ring, and spurs, each having a civil or ecclesiastical meaning, are given to the King with appropriate exhortations. The sword of State, which has been placed upon the altar and redeemed for one hundred shillings, is girt upon the King with these words: "Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God and delivered to you by the hands of us, the servants and bishops of God, though unworthy. With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy church of God, help and defend the widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order, that, doing these things, you may be glorious in all virtue, and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life that you may reign forever with him in the life which is to come."

The sword of state is a large, two-handled sword,

having a rich scabbard of crimson velvet, decorated with gold plates of the royal badges, in the following order: at the point is the orb, then the lion, standing on an imperial crown; lower down are the portcullis, harp, thistle and rose. Nearer the hilt the portcullis is repeated; next are the royal arms and supporters. The handle and pommel are embossed with similar devices, and the cross is formed of the royal supporters, having a rose with a laurel on one side, and a fleur-de-lis on the other.

Four swords figure in the coronation ceremony—the sword of state, which is the only one actually used, the others being carried before the monarch; curtana, the pointless sword of mercy; the sword of spiritual justice, pointed, but somewhat dull, and the sword of temporal justice, sharp-pointed. On all grand occasions the sword of state is borne before the sovereign. The coronation ring, called "the wedding ring of England," is of plain gold set with a large ruby, on which is engraved a St. George's cross. The royal sceptre, or sceptre, with the cross and the rod with the dove, are used in the ceremony. The orb or globe, which is placed in the sovereign's right hand immediately after the crown has been placed upon his head, is carried in the left hand on leaving the abbey, and the sceptre in the right.

The orb is a golden ball, six inches in diameter and eleven inches high, including the cross, which surmounts the orb. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls are set in the orb; also, a fine amethyst, which forms the pedestal of the cross. When the crown is finally placed upon the monarch's head, instantly all that great crowd of peers and peeresses put on their glittering coronets, and the abbey rings with "God save the King!"

According to official rules, in theory, the coronets of the nobility are never worn except at the coronation of a sovereign, when they are put on at the precise moment when the primate of England places the crown upon the brow of the King. Upon occasions of state the coronet is carried before the personage on a cushion, and at the funeral it is placed on the coffin, or borne on a purple cushion.

The shouts of "God save the King" are caught up by the crowd outside, church-bells ring and cannon are

fired, not only in London, but in all chief towns. After a Bible is given to the King a solemn *Te Deum* is chanted, and enthronement follows or homage. The King is conducted to a throne in the centre of the abbey, and there receives the act of homage, first from the Lords Spiritual, who kneel about him, pronounce the words of homage and kiss his hand. Princes of the blood royal ascend the steps of the throne, take off their coronets, repeat the homage, touch the crown upon the King's head, and kiss his left cheek. The peers of the realm follow suit, with the exception that they kiss the hand instead of the cheek. The words of homage are:

"I do become your liege-man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folk, so help me, God."

When the act of homage is over, the members of the House of Commons give nine hearty cheers, with cries of "God save the King," repeated by all.

During homage medals are thrown to the occupants of the choir and lower galleries. Divested of all symbols of sovereignty, the King receives the Holy Sacrament, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" concludes the service.

The state crown, which was made sixty years ago for Queen Victoria, and valued at over half a million dollars, has the pigeon-ruby of Edward, the Black Prince, for the central or principal gem; there are twenty diamonds in the crown, worth \$7,500 each; two large solitaires, worth \$10,000 each, and four crosses, each containing twenty-five diamonds, valued at \$60,000 altogether. The crown for Queen Alexandra was made for the Queen of William III. It is set with pearls, sapphires, diamonds, and other precious stones. The sceptre for a Queen-consort is very like the King's, only not so large; the rod for the Queen is of ivory surmounted by a dove and a cross. It is said that Queen Alexandra would prefer to be crowned according to Russian custom, by the King's own hands after his coronation, but she realizes that the innovation might not be pleasing to English ideas.

The robes which King Edward will wear while being crowned, and afterward while receiving the sacrament, are ecclesiastical vestments, and worn only upon this occasion by the sovereign. They are assumed in Westminster Abbey, and taken off there, after which the robe of state of purple velvet is put on. When the King enters the abbey he wears a crimson velvet cloak. The coronation robes proper, then, are the priestly vestments, and consist of a dalmatic, stole, and maniple. The dalmatic is a long robe or super-tunic, partly open at the sides, of cloth-of-gold richly embroidered in colors, with Tudor roses, shamrocks, thistles, fleur-de-lis and royal coronets, and lined with crimson; the stole of bullion embroidery, with floral designs, has the cross of St. George worked at each end; it is lined with crimson silk. The stole is worn deaconwise—that is, while a priest would wear it crossed over his breast, a deacon fastens it on his left shoulder, and crossing it over his breast secures the ends under his right arm. The maniple, which much resembles the stole, only smaller, is worn over the left arm.

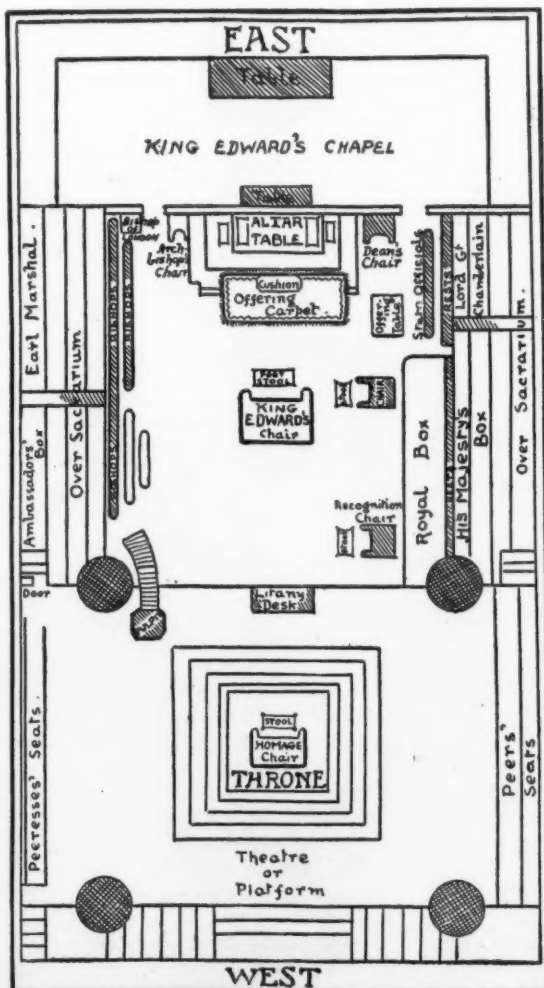
The reason given for attiring a layman in vestments worn only by the clergy is that the monarch represents the Church, and is the protector of its privileges. Before the anointing the King is conducted into St. Edward's chapel and vested in these ecclesiastical garments, and after the act of homage they are laid aside.

It is the duty of the Lord Great Chamberlain to dress the King for the coronation ceremony, and to serve him with water, for which service he may claim the basins, ewers and towels, the King's bed and bedding, used the night before the coronation, and, indeed, all the furniture of the bed-room, with the King's wearing-apparel and night-shirt. He may also claim forty yards of crimson velvet. All the cloth on which the sovereign walks in procession is claimed by the Grand Almoner of England; a tun of good wine was also formerly allowed him at a coronation ceremony.

By hereditary right, the Duke of Norfolk is earl marshal, and he also holds the office of chief butler, which entitles him to receive a gold basin and ewer. The Lord-Mayor of London offers a gold cup of wine to the King, and receives the cup for a fee; with twelve citizens of London, the mayor also claims the right to sit at a table next the cupboard, on the left side of the banqueting hall.

The privilege of dining at a table on the King's right-hand belongs to the barons of the Cinque Ports, who hold the canopy over the King during some part of the ceremony. They also carry a canopy over the Queen. It

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A PLAN OF THE ARRANGEMENT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD, AS ADAPTED FROM THE QUEEN VICTORIA CEREMONY.

Horrors of the Modern Russian Penal System

Continued from page 496.

like wildfire, men and women and children die like flies, and the mines themselves become death-reeking charnel-houses. Russia fears enough the moral sentiment of the world to abstain from general and indiscriminate capital punishment. To hang or behead a political agitator whose sole crime, whether rightly or wrongly, was but to contribute to the general era of national unrest, is a step that even Russian officialdom would be chary of countenancing. Instead it arrives at this satisfactory end by slower, but as sure, means and, meanwhile, exposes the unfortunate victim to a protracted torture that one might deem natural in an Apache or Thibetan, but hardly in a world Power of the first rank in territorial and military supremacy, which is seeking to pose as the arbitrator of the destinies of the twentieth century.

As to the atrocious character of the present convict system on Saghalin it is not necessary to depend on the stories of the few convicts that have escaped or on the veiled insinuations emanating from European chancelleries blinded by Russophobia. From reputable Russian sources enough can be gleaned to show that the picture has not been overdrawn. Prince Krapotkin, who has been cited before, has acquainted the civilized world with the results of his personal investigations and information gleaned from officials quartered on Saghalin, whose humanity has revolted at the atrocities of which they have been unwilling witnesses. Korolenko's "The Saghalin Convict," which is one of the books of the hour in Europe, has added mute, but eloquent, testimony. Articles from doctors and others who have visited Saghalin have appeared in the *Priamursk Viedomosti* and the *Amurskai Krai*. Both of these papers are published in the Amur province of eastern Siberia, and are near to the scenes of importance. Their publication has been stopped by the imperial *ukase* for telling the truth only too bluntly. According to the *Viedomosti*, the chief of one of the Saghalin prisons is "a demon who, for fourteen years past, has abused his office by his barbarous ill-treatment of the prisoners of both sexes under his charge." The surgeon in charge of the Korsakoff hospital on the south coast of Saghalin, in a communication to the Moscow *Nova Vremya*, says: "My colleague abandons his post; he can no longer bear all that is going on here. . . . The governor of the prison and mines dare not appear among the convicts." The commander of the Russian Pacific squadron, who visited Saghalin, was so shocked that in a St. Petersburg paper he laid bare a condition of affairs which aroused even Russians, to whom the horrors of the convict system has become an old story unprovokative of comment. The paper was suppressed, the officer was degraded for, again, no greater reason than, according to Russian bureaucracy, the cardinal fault of truth-telling. Mr. Howard and Harry de Windt, two Englishmen of authority, the former the author of "Life Among Trans-Siberian Savages," the latter, one of the best-known travelers in the world, with a knowledge of Siberia and its internal economy greater, perhaps, than any man out of Russia, agree that the present condition of the convict system in Saghalin is more horrible than the worst features attending the former Siberian system. De Windt's testimony, gathered at close range, is all the more valuable, as he would be prone to minimize rather than exaggerate, seeing that his position has always been that of an apologist for the Russian government. And if necessity demanded, or space permitted it, this list of corroborators might be extended in startling *ad infinitum*.

The recent reported discovery of a plot to assassinate the Czar is but one proof of the internal rottenness and menacing dissensions in the Russian empire. Although his responsibility for the evils of the social fabric of Russia is practically no greater than if he was a humble citizen, in aiming at his death, the nihilists and kindred spirits are but seeking a means to draw attention to the grievances of which they complain, rather than from any strictly personal animosity toward the Czar himself. In short, he is placed in the position of being made a martyr to the blundering and unavailing policy of unnecessary rigor followed by his advisers. While the young Emperor is engaged in peace-conferences to better the condition of the world, and in the building of the Siberian railroad and other schemes for the greater glory of Russia, his work is being constantly undermined by the continuance of obsolete and arbitrary internal conditions which must eventually involve Russia in one vast, crushing, and overwhelming tumultuous convulsion.

Curious Customs of the King's Coronation.

Continued from page 497.

is of cloth-of-gold, supported by four silver staves, with a silver bell at each corner.

The Duke of Newcastle, as Lord of the Manor of Workop, has the privilege of presenting a glove for the King's right hand, and he supports the sovereign's right arm when holding the sceptre.

The Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Bath and

Wells may assist in supporting the King in the coronation procession, one walking on the right hand, the other on the left. Besides having the honor of presenting to the King a mess of pottage, called dillegrout, the Archbishop of Canterbury has the right to consecrate the sovereign, receiving, as his fee, the purple velvet chair, cushion, and footstool on which he sits during the ceremony. The Archbishop of York crowns the Queen.

The most striking relic of feudalism which has come down from the age of chivalry is the office of champion. The Dymokes have exercised this function since the thirteenth century or earlier, the championship descending from father to son. The only English sovereigns who have omitted this picturesque part of the coronation ceremony were William IV.—owing to the economy* of the Whigs—and Queen Victoria. Mr. John Dymoke, however, always was known as the "Honorable, her Majesty's Champion." The Dymoke who will officiate at the coming coronation is a young man who is said to be somewhat appalled at the prospect of challenger of the world in a King's behalf. Before the second course is brought in, at the coronation banquet, the champion enters the hall completely armed, mounted on a white horse, richly caparisoned. The passage to the King's table being cleared, the champion delivers his address. "If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King Edward the Seventh, to be rightful heir to the imperial crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his champion, who saith he lieth sore, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him." And thereupon the champion throws down the gauntlet. No one accepting the challenge, the King drinks to the champion from a silver goblet, which then becomes his fee, and making his humble reverence, the champion and charger back from the royal presence.

FRANCES SMITH.

Trying a Mammoth New Gun.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL shot fired from the Gathmann gun at the Sandy Hook proving grounds, November 15th, cost the government \$135,550. Of this amount \$75,000 was for the construction of the destructive monster, and \$60,000 was for the target. The gun is forty-four feet long, and weighs fifty-nine tons. Its bore is eighteen inches. The projectile is, or was, seventy-one inches long and weighed 1,830 pounds. The shell contained 500 pounds of wet gun cotton. The velocity was 2,000 feet per second. The target stood 500 feet from the gun's muzzle. This target, made of plates of Kruppized steel, the hardest known, was 16x17½ feet in size and 11½ inches thick. It was set edgewise, braced by a steel coffer dam, similar to that used for bracing armor plates of battle-ships. Back of this were timbers driven into the ground, and banked back of this were five thousand tons of sand. The committee appointed to pass upon the work of the gun included Major J. G. D. Knight, of the Corps of Engineers; Major Rodgers Birnie, of the Ordnance Department; Major J. P. Wissner, of the artillery, and Lieutenant Joseph Strauss and Lieutenant Clelland Davis, of the navy. General Miles was not present, but General Joseph Wheeler was there as the guest of the regular officers of the post. Mr. Hiram Maxim was also present. Mr. Louis Gathmann and his son were, of course, on hand.

When all was ready Lieutenant Morton, of the Ordnance Department, pressed an electric button. The roar following was deafening. Accustomed as the officers present were to such thunder, they believed for the moment that the target must have been shattered. Examination, however, found the plate to be dished inward less than two inches. Over the face of the plate was a black splotch of lines radiating from the point of contact. Louis Gathmann, who has devoted fourteen years to the principle on which this test was made, claimed that the gun-cotton charge was not perfectly detonated; that if it had been the plate would have been smashed. The lay reader will understand that the principle of the Gathmann projectile is that it explodes after it has come in contact with the target, completely destroying the latter.

The day following another test was had, which, according to Mr. Gathmann, demonstrates the correctness of his theory. There is still an opinion, on the other hand, that the second test was not what had been promised. The result of the second shot, November 16th, however, showed that the plate of the target was fractured; it was split from top to bottom, driving the sections five inches apart. Mr. Gathmann claims that his gun and shell will revolutionize naval warfare, and make the defense of our coast so perfect that no fleet will be able to successfully attack any position supplied with Gathmann guns. The shot fired on November 16th, he claims, would have sunk any battle-ship afloat. On the day of the first test a twelve-inch army gun was fired at another target, similar to that struck by the Gathmann projectile, and the target was wrecked. The explosive fired from the army gun is a secret.

An official report of the two tests of the Gathmann gun and projectile will be sent to the government.

Why Women Need a College Education

Continued from page 492.

who have succeeded in professional life than in the Eastern States. Coming now to college women who do not undertake a serious profession—and they are in the majority—their influence in society is very strong, and in a line that will work out some kind of a social change before many years. Of these women quite a proportion teach for a few years, or go into some kind of philanthropic work. Let us consider, however, especially the large number of married college women, and the part they take in society.

In the first place, wherever they may be found their superiority to other women is usually recognized. Very few of them earn money, for their husbands do that for them. If they are in comfortable circumstances, the care of the household and children does not absorb all their energies. Their college education has given them a love of study and a desire to do something. The result is a multitude of women's clubs, and societies for all kinds of philanthropic work. One advantage of these clubs is the training they give in public speaking, as all the political and social questions of the day are freely discussed in them, and there is an opportunity for public discussion, as the work of the club is presented in the form of a programme, in some hall belonging to the club, or engaged for that purpose.

The organization of women's clubs in London is very different. The first requisite there is a building, which is especially furnished for the use of the club. Within one finds a library, a drawing-room, a restaurant, and a few sleeping-rooms to be used when occasion requires. These rooms are always open, and here the members of the club may receive their letters, lunch, rest, and escape from the busy side of life for a few hours, or, on the contrary, find a quiet place to read and study. One meets there many delightful women, who see very interesting phases of London life in their professional experiences. There are no set programmes of speeches and papers, as in the American clubs, but the same end of culture and progress is attained through the natural interchange of ideas.

In America the women's clubs have become such a power that they are everywhere recognized as a strong social factor, and their successful organization and management demands a large amount of labor, and their number is so great that for some women there are club meetings and society meetings almost every day in the week. In New York City, for example, many women have hardly a moment's leisure, with days full of engagements, very few of which are simply for their own pleasure.

In consequence of these numerous clubs and societies, the amount of intelligence and philanthropy is increasing very rapidly, especially among women. There are, however, certain phases of this state of affairs that are abnormal. The husband has to work hard all day for his family and for himself, and has no time for literary or philanthropic societies, however much he might enjoy them, but after leaving his place of business he needs to rest or to be amused. The wife works just as hard as the husband, but altogether for culture, or for other people, and her work brings in no financial return. The division is rather an unfair one, and its tendency would be, in time, to make men more practical than women, and women more intelligent than men. It gives one sex all the work of supporting society, and the other that of educating society.

The problem of division is a difficult one, and a perfectly fair solution would involve changing some of the customs of society. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in her book called, "Woman and Economics," proposes improvements in the present social arrangements which would give men and women, as far as possible, equal responsibilities. Mrs. Stetson's ideas are similar to those found in Plato's "Republic," for Plato advocates equal education of the sexes, and equal responsibilities in affairs. Some such solution as that offered by Plato, with the modification of sacredly guarding the sanctity of the family, might offer a possible relief to some of the problems that have arisen in connection with college education for women. One of the disadvantages of the present arrangement of society is that the father, in the heavy responsibility of having to earn all the money, is too much shut out of the family life, and the pleasures of society.

Women are supposed to have more freedom in America than in any other country, but in some respects that is a mistaken impression. The recent decision in France to admit women lawyers into the courts applies to all France, while in America there are some States where this is the case, and others where it is not allowed. I do not know of any American women that have the influence in affairs that some English women have, and the movement in Germany for higher education for women is beginning on a legal basis that will eventually admit them to the position for which their education fits them. Therefore, while progress in this direction has seemed more rapid in America, it may be surer in some other countries.

Mary M. Pattee.

The STORY of the man who ALWAYS got the WISH-BONE

And of the

Wise Old Turkey
who thought
he knew
WHAT.

A THANKS-
GIVING
THRENODY



HE GOT IT AS A CHILD - BECAUSE HE HOWLED



HE SAW HIS FIRST OFFICIAL MASSACRE



AND LATER ON BECAUSE HE WAS 'GROWING'



HE THEN PREACHED ORGANIZED ANTI-



AND FOR YEARS WAS A SOLITARY BIRD.



AND THE SURVIVORS WERE FILLED WITH WOE



AND A DECISIVE
BATTLE WAS
FOUGHT
AND LOST.



HE GOT IT AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE - BECAUSE HE WAS THE STELLAR ATTRACTION



AND THEY WENT
AROUND TO HIS
PERCH AND TOLD
HIM TO COME
OFF



AND DECIDED HE MUST DIE FOR THE CAUSE



THUS, IN THE YEAR OF
1901 A.D. THIS PATRIOT
WHO, - &c., &c., &c. -



AND WHEN HE COURTED HIS WIFE.



.....HE GETS IT NOW.....



WHERE THE LEARNED
TURKEY FINALLY GOT IT.

SILHOUETTES

CHARLES HAWTREY, THE ENGLISH ACTOR.

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.



"NOW, PLEASE LOOK A LITTLE LESS SAD."

full strength of personality of the man who gains his ends in the play by a simplicity of methods so absolute.

He is standing opposite you, the Parker of genial moments in the play, when he says, "Take this chair; it is more comfortable." You are more than ever convinced that you are facing the Horace risen from depths of selfishness in the first act, to the self-forgetfulness of the third. It seems only natural that he should offer you the best chair in the place, considering the record for thoughtfulness of others that he has established in that third act, and you accept it in the spirit of philosophy of his aunt in the play, who thinks it the duty of other people to put up with the disagreeable things.

"What is that, a camera? Oh, I can't; really, I can't!" The tone is such that you feel for a moment that Horace Parker is playing "A Message from Mars" backwards, and has reached the unregeneracy of the first act. Then you will begin, "I know some one must have been grating on your nerves with a camera." You want, even in this unfortunate moment, to make excuses for things he may do, just as you did during the first act of the play, because you knew that, at heart, Horace was such a good fellow.

"Cameras do grate on the nerves," you will keep on, "but this is a painless one. It is so gentle that as likely as not it will leave no impression on the films. Now please look a little less sad, won't you?" And you will tell him of six dozen rolls of film that you used abroad last summer, only to find, when you got home, that you hadn't a single picture. At this he seems to feel better, and his smile sets things back into the third act again. Still in the play, you expect him to begin at once to explain the psychological evolution that led him from being the most selfish of men, to being the most generous. Instead, he says, "Mark Twain's 'Huckleberry Finn' is the top of the lot. I never travel without it, and I know the book from end to end. Whenever I

have a fit of the blues I go back to 'Huckleberry Finn'."

Impressed yet by the idea that you are facing Parker, you say, "But doesn't the fact of giving the character so many times, very nearly six hundred now, make you more thoughtful of other people?" You want to prove to yourself that the reform is complete; it is always so hard to feel assured of the reform of other people.

"Do you think?" he asks, parrying your question with another, "do you think that the rôle a man plays should influence his character? Supposing a man played a rôle, for many nights, in which he was constantly becoming engaged. Now, to go on repeating the play in life as a matter of moral influence would be a bit—well, embarrassing, don't you think so?"

Remembering that the man who can turn the subject is often more fortunate than the man who can turn a phrase, you will say: "Perhaps you do not like fencing because you are lazy." You continue to feel that Horace Parker is opposite you, and consequently, knowing his "past" in that delightfully unconscious selfishness of the first act, you feel that you have a right to be frank.

"Lazy? I am not lazy," but he says it with all the imperturbable good humor of Horace, explaining to other people their faults. "Not lazy in the least. I don't like fencing because it isn't out-door sport. With me it is always fresh air—it must be fresh air; that is why I

like golf. Englishmen are fond of sport, but, do you know, I believe that we remain foolish children the longer for it. I was destined for the army, but my destiny was the stage. 'What influenced me to go on?' For the life of me I can't say. But the manner of my arrival, of which I told you, I have not forgotten. Still, when we put on a new piece now my nervousness increases with every week of rehearsal, until I step out on the stage. Then, in a very few minutes, I have forgotten all about it. You see, by that time I am in the play. But next summer, if I remain in America, I shall play golf," he switches off suddenly from the nerves.

"Then you will meet the 'summer girl,' you will say."

"The 'summer girl'?" he asks, interestedly. "Tell me about her."

"Perhaps I had better let that remain for your personal study, there are so many varieties; besides, I must go."

Half way down the hall you hear Mr. Hawtrey's voice. "I say," he calls, "when you come to the theatre again come behind the scenes and I'll show you how Parker is transformed into a beggar."

You will say "Yes," because it is quite the cleverest thing of the kind you have seen, and then you will recall that Mr. Hawtrey had wanted to hear more about the "summer girl," but did not.

MR. CHARLES A. BIGELOW, the comedian, receives an annual visit from his father at St. James, Long Island. The parental knowledge of the theatre is claimed by the comedian to be limited, but on one occasion he took an interest in it. Mr. Bigelow, flushed with the exertion of getting rid of the fine collection of medals that decorate his bathing suit in "The Little Duchess," told of that "one occasion" the other night in his dressing-room. "You see, my father loves the neighborhood of Boston, but he manages to get down to Long Island in the summer and overlook the fact that I am on the stage when I am away from it. He is quite innocent of what the theatre is like, but I fancy he has his own idea of it, as he has his own ideas of pretty much everything—but he is philanthropic, very philanthropic. We have a colored servant from the West Indies that we value highly. She is not as apathetic to the charms of the theatre as is my father. One fine morning when these two early risers held the stage of nature alone on Long Island, she confided her ambitions to him.

"I want to go on the stage," she said.

"My father leaned back in his chair and forgot to rock. 'You see, sir, I get lonesome down heah in the wintah.'"

"The stage was presenting itself to him in a new light,

and philanthropy is his strong point. He had never been lonesome himself in the country in 'wintah,' but the situation might be different with others.

"What can you do?" he asked, interested and helpful.

"I can do a buck dance lovely."

"I will see," said my father with determination. "I will see."

"My son," he said at breakfast, "your cook wishes to go on the stage."

"To cook?" I inquired, for I knew of no other accomplishment of hers than that very beautiful one.

"No," he answered, "but she tells me that she does a dance; perhaps you can get her a situation to do it."

"A dance? What dance?"

"I don't know anything about the theatre," he said, with as much absence of inference in his tone as politeness would allow, "but I believe she calls it a buckboard dance."

MISS ELLEN TERRY is a great admirer of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the playwright and critic, and often addresses letters to him: "To Dear Bernard Shaw." Not all members of the theatrical profession share this rather biased admiration of the brilliant Irishman.



AT THIS HE SEEMS TO FEEL BETTER.



"MARK TWAIN'S 'HUCKLEBERRY FINN' IS THE TOP OF THE LOT."



"YOU SEE, BY THAT TIME I AM IN THE PLAY."



"EMBARRASSING, DON'T YOU THINK SO?"



"TELL ME ABOUT HER."



Hiram Foster's Thanksgiving Turkey.

By S. E. KISER.

SEE THAT turkey out there, mister? Ain't he big and fat and nice?

Well, you couldn't buy that gobbler, not for any kind of price. Now, I'll tell you how it happened: 'Way along last spring, you know, This here turkey's mother hatched some twenty little ones or so— Hatched 'em in the woods down yonder, and come marchin' home one day With them stringin' out behind 'er, catchin' bugs along the way.

Well, my little grandson named 'em—both his folks are dead, you see, So he's come and gone to livin' with his grandma, here, and me. He give each a name to go by: one was Teddy, one was Schley, One was Sampson, one was Dewey, one was Bryan, too, but I Liked the one he called McKinley best of all the brood, somehow— He was that there turkey yonder that's a-gobblin' at you now.

How them cunnin' little rascals grew and grew! Sometimes, I swear, It 'most seemed as though we seen 'em shootin' upward in the air. And McKinley was the leader and the best of all the lot, And you'd ought to seen the mother—proud of him?—I tell you what! So I says to ma and Charley—oh, three months ago at least— That I guessed we'd keep McKinley for our own Thanksgiving' feast.

Then we sold off all the others, keepin' only this one here, And I guess we won't have turkey for Thanksgiving' Day this year. Just the name we gave that gobbler makes him sacreder to me, After all the things that's happened, than I—well, somehow—you see I was in his ridgement—so you'll please excuse me—I dunno— I don't want to show my feelin's—sometimes folks can't help it, though.

Hear 'im gobble now, and see him as he proudly struts away;
Don't you s'pose he knows there's something in the name he bears to-day?
See how all his feathers glisten—ain't he big and plump and-nice?
No, sir! No; you couldn't buy 'im, not for any kind of price.
That there gobbler, there, that Charley gave the name McKinley to,
He'll die natural—that's something turkeys mighty seldom do.



KING, DOCTOR, AND QUEEN, IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," (ACT I.), BROADWAY.



E. M. HOLDEN AND LUCILE FLANEN, IN "EBEN HOLDEN" (ACT II.), SAVOY.



"NEW ENGLAND FOLKS" (SCENE 1, ACT I.), FOURTEENTH STREET.



CHARLES DALTON IN "THE HELMET OF NAVARRE."



THE VILLAGE CHOIR SLEIGH-RIDE (ACT II.), IN "WAY DOWN EAST," ACADEMY.



JANE OAKER, IN "DON CÆSAR'S RETURN," WALLACK'S.



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS (ACT I.), IN "UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES," REPUBLIC.

AT THE PLAY-HOUSES.

PEOPLE OF AND SCENES IN SUCCESSFUL DRAMAS IN NEW YORK.



PONCA BRAVES AWAITING A BEEF SLAUGHTER.



RATION DAY FOR APACHE CAPTIVES, FORT SILL.



FEAST DANCE OF THE KIWAS.



COMANCHE SPORTS AT A GAME.

THANKSGIVING COMFORTS OF THE TEPEE.
SPORT, FOOD, FEAST, AND FROLIC OF THREE FAMOUS INDIAN TRIBES.
See page 505.



A STRANGE HAVEN

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING

By W. Bert Foster.

"THE TOTAL depravity of objects inanimate!" That was the way Lieutenant Ridgeway expressed it as he lounged about the little God-forsaken settlement at the railroad while the first and fiercest blizzard of his Minnesota experience howled across the prairie and ricocheted from hilltop to hilltop back of the river, filling the little vales with drifts.

He wished himself anything but an army man, and back in New York. Thanksgiving was at hand, and he had so little to be thankful for that he felt ashamed to look the Thanksgiving Proclamation, tacked up beside the stove in the little box-like railway station, in the face. Lieutenant Ridgeway was strictly at outs with the world.

There hadn't been a train through for three days. The wires were down and there was no telling when the plows would open the way for the stalled trains.

Ridgeway had been sent down from the fort (a good thirty-mile jaunt it was, and he had escaped the blizzard by the skin of his teeth) to see to the transportation of the "good things" the mess had sent East for, with which the coming holiday was to be celebrated. But the train with the express packages had not come through and a mule team could no more pull a load to Fort Bowlder than the driver could fly—and mule-drivers seldom have such angelic qualities.

"The boys will have a poor Thanksgiving," he told himself, as he kicked his heels in the station. "But I'll go back and join with them in their misery. No turkey for Fort Bowlder this year. The most miserable man alive is a soldier! A recruit had better be shut at once into a lunatic asylum; nobody but an idiot would enlist."

He had told himself so many times that same thing that it was becoming stale. Why a smart man, with a good situation and plenty of friends, should throw them all up and enlist in the ranks of Uncle Sam's fighting men certainly is a mystery, unless one probes deeper than the surface. Behind the reason for most enlistments is the first cause—a woman.

When a man has gone so far with a girl that he devotes himself to her for a whole winter and is plainly encouraged by her, and then gets dropped like a hot potato, and for no apparent reason, he is in the mood for something desperate. Ridgeway marched away for Chattanooga and had been campaigning in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the lonelier West ever since. Grace Hemingway was still a keenly irritating memory to him, and because of her he never looked at any other woman more than was absolutely necessary, and had gained the name of "woman-hater" at the fort.

The other young officers would make the best of their disappointment and have the dance on Thanksgiving evening, as they had already planned. But Ridgeway cared very little whether he saw the festivities or not. He always sat out barrack dances with the colonel's wife, who was fair, fat, and forty, and perfectly safe. But the boys would expect him back, and seeing no hope of a train getting through from the East, he planned to set out on his return to the fort in the morning, it now being but two days to Thanksgiving.

In the evening, however, as he chatted in the little station with the agent, there was a break in the monotony. A pair of powerful horses ylowed through the fast hardening snow to the door and a courier alighted and brought a well-wrapped-up bundle in to the fire.

"Well, I'm shot!" declared the agent, though he wasn't. "How'd you get through?"

"Up the tracks. The going is tough, I tell ye. I got some mail for the fort, lieutenant."

"What ye got there?" demanded the agent, eyeing the bundle curiously.

"Woman," replied the courier, briefly. "She needs thawing, I reckon," as the bundle made a few spasmodic motions.

"I'm shot!" declared the agent for the second time. "A woman? Take her right into my house and my wife'll look after her. I'm shot!"

He and the courier went off together with the half-frozen female while Ridgeway looked over the letters addressed to the fort. There were but two for him—one

from his sister and the other from Brand, telling him the news of the club and all about things in New York. Brand's letters always made him more homesick than Anna's, and he hesitated some time before he opened it.

And when he had read this one he really wished he hadn't. There was a paragraph near the end which filled him with conflicting emotions and stirred his memory to the depths. He savagely called himself a fool for being so disturbed by Brand's gossip.

"By the way, Ridge, your old flame, Grace Hemingway, has risen to the top of the matrimonial flood again, and this time it is Gerry Perrin—you know him? Nice little fellow with his hair parted in the middle. Not exactly Grace's kind, I should fancy. But when the event comes off (if it *does* come off at all) I couldn't say, for Grace has started West to visit her brother Bob—you know Bob owns a ranch somewhere in the Western country. Ranching ought to just suit Grace, she's such a rugged, athletic sort of a girl; but what she can want of a sappy like Perrin—"

"I'm shot!" declared the agent, coming in. "That gal's got pluck, lieutenant! She's bound to go on."

"What girl?" growled the officer, folding his letter again.

"The one the courier brought with him. A Western gal she is, I bet ye! Don't raise none such in the East. She is bound to reach her folks over near the fort—just beyond it, I believe—and she's trying to get the courier to agree to take her. She's come all the way from Ozone with him—that's where the train is stalled."

"And she isn't frozen enough yet, eh?" asked Ridgeway.

"Tain't bit her pluck none—the frost ain't," said the other, grinning. "But she won't get the courier to move. He's a master hard man to manage when his mind's sot. She's wantin' to get home, I take it, for Thanksgiving. One of these city schoolma'ams, I s'pose."

"Wants to go by way of the fort, does she?" queried the lieutenant, slowly.

"When you going back yourself, sir?"

"In the morning. No use waiting here any longer—I've got the mail, too."

"Why don't you take the gal with you?"

"My horse won't carry double," said the lieutenant, shortly.

"I'll lend ye a light pung. You'd have trouble getting through on hossback, for the crust mebbe wouldn't hold up both your weight and the hoss. But you'll be all right in a sled."

"I don't know," Ridgeway said, with poor grace. "This is no fit traveling for a woman."

"Come, I'll suggest it to the gal," declared the officious agent, bustling off without more ado, and when he returned he told the wrathful lieutenant that "it was all right and the gal was much obliged for his offer of escort."

Ridgeway went away to the house where he had been lodging, cursing the agent soundly. He wasn't looking for the responsibility of a woman's presence in his journey back to the fort.

When she came out of the agent's house in the morning, bundled up in extra wraps belonging to the agent's wife until she looked like a mummy, Ridge was in no wise more pleased at the prospect before him. Somebody had prophesied more snow, and he wished the woman hadn't taken such a "fool notion" into her head. A man can get on so much better alone when he has a hard road to travel.

And the trail to Fort Bowlder certainly was not easy to follow. The drifts covered it so deeply and had so changed the face of nature that almost before the settlement was out of sight the lieutenant was put to it to keep in a direct line for the fort. Fortunately he had a compass and a good idea of the territory which lay between him and the post.

The sheets of glaring white bridged the river on a level with its banks in spots, and the crust was fortunately hard enough to bear them. The horse, being strictly a cavalry mount, objected strenuously to being harnessed into the pung, but the quirt taught him his business. Taking it altogether, Lieutenant Ridgeway was in no mood for pleasantries, and perhaps the girl saw this, for she scarcely spoke to him.

She was so wrapped up that he couldn't have told whether she was young or old, homely or good looking, had he cared to know. As they struggled on he fairly hated her for being in his way. He would have cut the horse loose from the pung and, with a hand on the saddle, have got along much more swiftly.

It began to snow, too; slowly at first, and then faster. Their surroundings were totally shut out and they might have traveled in a circle did not the lieutenant keep his eye on the compass. He knew the fort was pretty nearly due north, and they couldn't come far from hitting it, he thought. Once he asked her where she was going.

"To the Oxbow ranch. I am told it is ten miles beyond the fort."

"Well, if you get to the fort you'll be lucky," he said, with slight chivalry. "I guess by the looks of things you'll spend your Thanksgiving there."

But as the hours passed and the storm increased in severity, a doubt entered into his mind as to whether even that refuge would be open to her. The horse had scarcely traveled faster than a walk, yet the day was far spent and if the fort was near he had seen no landmarks which he recognized. The animal was pretty well exhausted, too.

The snow fell steadily and its depth caused the horse no little difficulty, for it was soggy and "balled" in a most exasperating way. The wind began to rise, now that night approached, and the cold was intense. Ridgeway maintained a dogged silence and his face was motionless; but in his heart he knew that they were in a hard case indeed. Finally the woman spoke again:

"We are lost?"

"That's what we are," he returned, savagely, without trying to soften the blow.

She did not shrink, nor did she give any other sign of fear. He began to admire her pluck, and wrapped an extra buffalo about her. Then he urged the tired horse on with the whip. There was no use in sparing horse-flesh with death in the form of a blizzard driving at their backs.

In his own mind the lieutenant became convinced that they had passed the fort unwittingly. Yet he dared not turn about and face the storm. They drifted on before it like a derelict before the blast. The cold was benumbing his senses as well as his body.

At last the horse fell in the shafts and he could not raise him. The poor creature simply rolled his eyes at him and refused to struggle further.

"What shall we do?" asked the girl, and her voice was still calm.

"Oh, we'll keep moving, I guess," returned the lieutenant. He had grown ashamed of his savage temper and tried to speak more cheerfully. "This pung won't shelter us, but we

Continued on page 505.



"THEN HE TOOK HER HAND, AND THEY PLUNGED BLINDLY INTO THE SWIRLING SNOW-CLOUDS."

grown ashamed of his savage temper and tried to speak more cheerfully. "This pung won't shelter us, but we

Thanksgiving Among The Indians.

Happy Day in the Camp of The Poncas.

By William R. Draper.

RESERVATION INDIANS of the Southwest have taken to observing Thanksgiving Day, until now it is a common occurrence for them to take part in the good cheer that comes all over the country on that day. To make the day more cheerful the red-skins hold off their regular beef issues and annuity payments until that day, when they all join in one huge celebration. One might travel through an Indian reservation in Oklahoma to-day on Thanksgiving Day and not find one-fifth of the tepees occupied—all are away at the feasting-place. Coming upon these celebrations one is astonished at the interest taken. To the red-skin, who generally takes everything calmly, the excitement manifest at a beef issue or a grass payment on these days is intense—even as great as at their ghost and war dances.

Very seldom of late has there been allowed any beef issues to take place on the reservations of the Southwest, and these events, when they do occur, come on Thanksgiving Day. It is by a fitting arrangement that the head men of the tribes have agreed upon this one day of all others when they celebrate their feasts. I attended a beef issue on Thanksgiving Day last year. It was given by the Ponca Indians on their reservation. Hundreds of Indians danced and made merry. The medicine-men held sessions behind closed tepee doors, and the squaws raced with each other in their glee. Even the papooses cooed and sang their songs with much brighter faces. All was happy in the camp of the Poncas. The day had dawned brightly. Yellow autumn was everywhere. The squaws hovered about the fires and lay upon the sweetgrass telling stories of the old times that had passed. It had been a year since the Indian agent had consented to a beef issue. The issue is a savage fête, something like the Mexican bull fight—except that the Indian eats his prey. The beast is given no chance whatever.

When the agent rode out among the rows of tepees he gave permission for immediate chase upon the herds then grazing on a not-far-distant hillside. Then a wild, weird chanting rang through the camp. Suddenly from the lodges burst forth the young men. They were clad in gay trappings and their faces were covered with paint.

Each carried a long, shining field-gun. To the stranger this aggregation would have presented the appearance of a regiment of savages going into battle. Off to the herd they dashed. Soon the crack of the gun, the snorting and bellowing of the wild cattle, and the fierce shouting of the warriors told that the chase was on. It sounded much like a battle in progress.

Half an hour the chase was kept up and there was the wildest kind of excitement in camp. The squaws were sharpening their knives and rolling up their sleeves. The medicine-men were chanting glad tidings to the Great Spirit for the success of the enasers. Then, after every one of the herd had been laid low upon the grassy plains, the young men, with laurels up their shoulders, came riding back in a long column. Medicine Bull, the bravest and best shot of all, came at the head. They sang:

We killed the buffalo cows. We are brave!
Our arrow-guns shot well to the mark.
Now we will have a great feast. Ah, ya.

After the squaws had skinned and dressed the beef the medicine men went forth and invoked the blessing of the Great Spirit. This done, the Indians rushed to the carcasses and ate their fill. Some devoured their meat raw, while the others took pains to toast it over a small fire built upon the open plain. What was left of the 100 steers the squaws stored away in the tepees and the dance began. For hours they danced and prayed, fainted away, and made trips to see their dead friends. Then the meat was brought forth again and placed in huge kettles. They danced around it as it boiled. Now followed a second feast. It was nearly daybreak when the warriors sank to sleep, having eaten pounds and pounds of meat that day. It was a great day of thanks for them and the same thing is to be repeated this year, and it will also follow on all the other reservations of Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

The Kiowas and Comanches, who are a little more civilized than some of their neighbors, take a different manner of celebrating. On Thanksgiving Day a goodly part of them can be found surrounding the large frame building used as an agency at Anadarko, O. T. They

have come to collect their grass money, due weeks past, but allowed to remain until Thanksgiving or feast day. After this money is paid to them they buy a goodly supply of food and go back to their own settlements along the creek banks. The groceries and meats are spread out under leafy sheds and the whole aggregation join in the Thanksgiving dinner. They eat all they can hold and indulge in the usual small talk which follows a "dinner." The menu consists of canned goods, chicken and turkey cooked in several different ways, pies of all kinds, and a goodly supply of whiskey to wash the dinner down. The latter is not always forthcoming, as saloonists vary in their daring. To sell liquor to them, as every one knows, is a penitentiary offense. But Thanksgiving often winds up on the reservation with a drunken soiree in which a dozen or more young bucks are shot. Jealous lovers choose this time to create trouble with their rivals, which also adds to the list of casualties.

In the Osage country the Thanksgiving feast consists principally of white dog meat, the Osages being very fond of this kind of dish. The Apaches of Arizona, the Sioux of Dakota, and the Cheyennes in Colorado are also devotees of the dog meat, and feasts of this kind are common with them, especially on Thanksgiving. The Indians learn of the set date through their agent and a week or more is spent in making arrangements for the celebration. Few people really know how much money is spent on the wards of the government as pertains to their food and clothing. In the United States to-day there are about 268,000 Indians. Of this number 45,250 draw rations regularly, while 12,600 more are provided for at various times when they are unable to work. On Thanksgiving Day the whole number of reservation Indians ask for their share of food. The total cost of purchasing and distributing rations to the Indians last year reached the sum of \$1,231,000. It will be even more for the coming year. As fast as the Indians are placed on individual allotments and made citizens of the United States they cannot draw rations. The Comanches and Kiowas were not allowed to draw rations this Thanksgiving, but they will be paid their annual fall grass money, and will purchase their own dinner.

A Strange Haven.

Continued from page 504.

might strike something further on."

What they might strike in this howling waste of snow he had no idea. He believed that death lurked for them somewhere ahead; but they might better go to meet it than wait for it here. He helped his companion out of the sledge and at first she could scarcely walk. She made no complaint, however.

Ridgeway unbuttoned the holster of his cavalry pistol and held the muzzle to the horse's head. He could not leave the creature to suffer the slow torture of death by freezing, but the girl turned away as he sent two balls in quick succession into the animal's brain.

Then he took her hand and they plunged blindly into the swirling snow-clouds.

For perhaps half an hour they kept on, neither speaking, but with hands tightly gripped. The lieutenant's natural manliness was asserting itself and a great pity filled his heart for his companion. She doubtless had something and somebody to live for, if he hadn't; it was an awful thing that she should die out here amid the snow-wreathed hills. Her family at the Oxbow ranch were perhaps expecting her for the Thanksgiving festivities, and where would she be when the holiday dawned? Already she stumbled as she walked, and he knew her strength, if not her courage, was failing.

At length she pulled her hand from his and fell to her knees. Her breath came gaspingly and, leaning above her, he could scarcely catch her broken words.

"Go on and leave me: I can go no farther," she declared.

Ridge bit off an oath before it passed his lips and seized her in his arms. "You're going as far as I go," he growled, in answer to her weak expostulations.

Somehow the weight of her body against his breast thrilled him and renewed his courage. Here was something he could fight for—something which it was his duty to fight for. Reckless as he had been of his own life, he could not let this girl perish without a struggle.

There was no looking at the compass now. His comrade hung, a dead weight in his arms, and he drifted on with the driving snow and with nothing to tell him his direction. Night had fallen, and the soft snow was above his knees as he plodded through it.

"You must drop me and save yourself," she murmured once. "Remember your sister—you owe it to her to save your life; you cannot save us both."

Ridge made no reply. He could not talk and travel too, but he wondered dumbly how she knew about Anna.

The snow beat upon him unmercifully and the sting of the frost penetrated his heavy garments. His feet had lost all feeling long since, and, incased in his heavy cavalry boots, might as well have been cord-sticks. But he clung to his burden.

Suddenly he lost his footing. The snow beneath him seemed to give way and he sank nearly to his waist. The girl fell from his arms and he had to fight with both benumbed hands to drag himself out of the hole into which he had slipped. He felt blindly about him; there seemed to be a tunnel leading straight down into the snow—and the sides of the tunnel were built of brick!

He shouted aloud to his companion, but received no answer. Groping about in the soft snow he found her half-smothered in it, and raised her up. The strange opening was right beside them. He felt its edges with one hand.

It was the top of a house chimney! The discovery seemed preposterous, yet a chimney it was, and nothing else. Where they could be he could not guess, but somehow the storm of the week before had drifted the snow completely over this habitation and only the top of the chimney appeared above it. It was broad and ample for the passage of their bodies. He lifted his unconscious comrade over the edge and dropped her like a plummet into the well.

Then he followed himself, bracing elbows and knees against the bricks, thus going down slowly. It was all of ten feet to the floor and the place was in pitch darkness. As he stood in the drifted fireplace he heard a low sobbing.

"Are you there?" he cried, and the sobs changed instantly to a glad cry.

"Where are we?" the girl demanded. "I thought I had lost you. What is this place? Why is it dark?"

He staggered out into the centre of the apartment, tore open his coat and brought forth his match-safe with stiffened fingers. In a moment the yellow glow of a lucifer partially illuminated the place.

"It's a house!" she cried. "God be thanked!"

The match died down to his fingers and he tossed it into the bank of snow. "That's what it is, miss. Looks like a herdsman's cabin. Whatever it is, it's a haven to us. I'll see if we can make a fire; that's what we need first."

In the radiance of the match he had seen a pile of loose boards. With one of these he scraped away the snow from the stone hearth. There were straw mattresses in the bunks which lined one wall. He tore one open and soon it began to smoulder on the hearth, and he piled broken wood on top. The snow still swept down the open chimney, but the flames fought with it and conquered. After a time the light of the blaze chased the shadows from the farthest corner of the hut.

"We're in glorious luck," the lieutenant declared. "Just you take to one of those beds there and get some rest—if you're warm enough. You'll be as chipper as a cricket in the morning. We're a long ways from being dead yet; we'll pull out of this adventure all right, and it will be something to tell your folks at Oxbow."

He sat down before the fire himself and paid no further attention to his companion. He dried the letters which he had received from the courier at the blaze. His sister's letter he had not looked at before, and now he slit the envelope and opened it. Anna seldom had anything of interest to tell him aside from narratives of the doings of her children and the results of Jim's last deal on 'change. He read the beginning with the usual feeling of being bored.

"Oh, I had a visitor the other day, Bemie. Does an elder sister ever get over adding the 'ie' to a fellow's name? Ridge wondered. You could never guess who. It was Grace Hemmingway. She hasn't been into my house before for nearly four years—not since you went away. And she came for—what do you think? To ask for your address! She seemed much in earnest, so I gave it to her, though I fear you will be angry with me. She told me something about her having done you a wrong (I should think she had! You'd never have joined the army if it hadn't been for her, I believe), and having recently discovered that the story somebody told her about you was a falsehood, I think that nasty little Perrin fellow was the guilty party. Well, when she learned you were at Fort Bowlder she told me Bob Hemmingway had bought a ranch near you—at a place called Oxbow. And only to-day I heard that Grace was going West to visit her brother. I think she is going just to get a chance to see you again, and try to make up with you. You'll probably see her about Thanksgiving time—perhaps before my letter reaches you."

The letter fluttered from the lieutenant's hand and his bronzed face looked gray in the firelight. For fully a minute he sat immovable. Then he turned slowly and his eyes rested on the figure in the bunk across the room.

His companion's cloak and hood lay upon a rude stool beside the bed. She had covered herself with the buffalo robe which he had wrapped around her in the sleigh, and which had been held about her body by his belt while they struggled on foot through the snow. Her face was turned toward the wall.

He rose slowly and crept across the room. He hung over her as she lay in the rude bunk. Her tumbled hair, wet with the snow, half hid her face, but he lifted it carefully and put it aside that he might look upon her the better. He wondered how he could have been so blind—and when he held her in his arms, too!

The girl's eyes opened and her lips half smiled. "Ben," she murmured, "I hope you will forgive me," and the eyes closed again.

Some time later Lieutenant Ridgeway went back to the hearth and, before renewing the fire, peered up the chimney. The snow had ceased falling and it was light without their refuge. He could actually see a patch of blue sky.

"This is going to be a great Thanksgiving Day!" he muttered.

At noon a rescue party dug them out. The old herdsman's hut was within a stone's throw of the ranch house at Oxbow, and Bob Hemmingway had seen the smoke rising from the chimney of the house buried in the hollow, and guessed that some storm-driven fugitive had made of it a haven.

It certainly was a great Thanksgiving—at Oxbow at least—as the lieutenant had prophesied.

The Safety of Traveling by Water

WITH the exception of those "who go down to the sea in ships," driven by steam, the people generally have little knowledge and still less appreciation of the important service rendered the country by that department of the Federal government charged with the inspection of steamboats. Previous to the institution of this service, in 1871, no organized and systematic efforts had been made, under the authority of the government, to guard against accidents to the public traveling by water in the steamers of our rivers, lakes, and along our coasts.

Since that time every detail of the steamboat business, so far as it relates to the safety of passengers, has been brought under the most rigid and systematic scrutiny by paid officials, thus reducing the risks of travel to a minimum. How effective the inspection service has been in reducing the dangers of water travel may be judged, in part, from the fact that in 1871, the first year of the inspection ser-



GENERAL JAMES A. DUMONT,
Head of the Steamboat Inspection Service.

vice, the total number of lives lost was 358, whereas in 1900 it was only 206, notwithstanding the great increase in steam vessels.

The present head of the steamboat inspection service is General James A. Dumont, and under his able, energetic, and progressive administration the work of this department has constantly increased in strength and efficiency. He has under him a force of 183 men, including the local superintendents of the ten inspection districts into which the country is divided, with headquarters at San Francisco, New Orleans, Toledo, Cincinnati, and other cities on the lakes, rivers, and seacoasts.

According to General Dumont's annual report for the fiscal year ending June 1st, 1901, recently issued, the number of accidents occurring in the department's field of operations last year was forty-seven, of which eighteen were caused by collisions and seventeen by snags, wrecks, and sinking. In these accidents 340 lives were lost, an increase of 134 over the previous fiscal year. This large increase is almost wholly accounted for by the loss of the steamer *Rio de Janeiro*, while entering the harbor of San Francisco on the morning of February 22d, 1901, during the prevalence of a dense fog. The loss of this steamer, it is said, was one of those accidents which no precaution of the officers of the steamboat inspection service could anticipate or prevent, the steamer being staunch, seaworthy, and fully equipped with all the life-saving appliances required by law. After striking the rock the *Rio de Janeiro* slid off into deep water and the wreck has never yet been discovered, or the bodies of the 124 victims who went down with her ever found.

General Dumont makes a number of important recommendations looking to an extension of the inspection service to passenger vessels other than those using steam as a motive power. He refers to the sinking of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Northfield* last spring, and urges the adoption of an amendment to the present law providing that passenger and ferry steamers of 500 tons displacement and upward hereafter built shall be included in the list of vessels required to have not less than three water-tight cross bulkheads. General Dumont's extensive experience and intimate knowledge of the needs of the situation afford a sufficient guarantee of the importance and real desirability of the changes thus suggested, and the good of the service demands that they be made.

AN INTERESTING ROYAL GROUP.

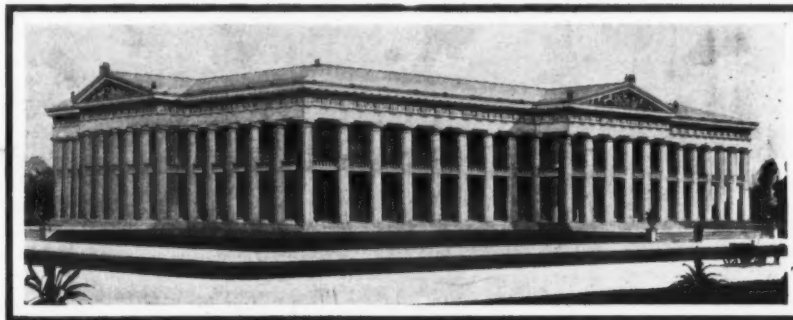
THIS ROYAL group shows the three daughters of King Edward of England and the husbands of two of them—the Princess Victoria at the right being a royal old maid. The Princess Maud and her husband, Prince Charles of Denmark, are on the left. The Princess Maud is called "Harry" by the members of her family, because she is such a tom-boy. Before her marriage she was the life of Sandringham, and since her marriage she and her royal husband have led a very free and happy life. They go about together much as do people of ordinary position, and many a



KING EDWARD'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

ride has been taken by the royal pair on top of London omnibuses, the passengers never suspecting their rank. The centre pair are the Duke and Duchess of Fife. This marriage is really looked upon as a *mésalliance*, as the duke is not of royal or even semi-royal blood, and he can never sit at the table at a state banquet next his wife. It has been an extremely happy marriage, and the Princess Louise is the only married grand-daughter of the late Queen who lives without the attendance of a suite. It was the duke's request on his marriage that his wife be allowed to live the life of an English gentlewoman, without any of the attending pomp of royalty.

TEMPLE OF FRATERNITY AT ST. LOUIS,



WHERE A CONGRESS OF FRATERNAL AND BENEFICIARY ORDERS WILL BE HELD AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION OF 1903.

THE TEMPLE of Fraternity will be erected at St. Louis by the World's Fair Fraternal Building Association for the congresses to be held during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which will include Masons, Odd Fellows, and other beneficiary orders. The cost of the building will be \$200,000. It is an adaptation of the Parthenon of Athens. The structure will be 300x200 feet. It will contain eighty rooms, all being outside rooms, the interior of the structure being a court, attractively decorated with fountains, foliage, and flowers. There will be four entrances, one on each side of the building, leading through great corridors, to the central court, which will have broad galleries.

NIVITIO, THE FILIPINO DESPERADO.

THE ILLUSTRATION is from a kodak picture taken by Herbert P. Harrison, hospital steward, United States steamer *Vicksburg*, at Manila, and sent by him to LESLIE'S WEEKLY. It represents the sentence of Nivitio, an insurgent captured by Lieutenant Gilmore and party, of the United States steamer *Yorktown*, at Baler. Nivitio buried one of the sailors of the party, leaving his head out of the earth, and then waited for his victim to die. Nivitio, however, became impatient and dispatched the poor sailor. For this Nivitio was sentenced to be hung. This was afterward commuted to life imprisonment.



RECEIVING SENTENCE FOR DELIBERATELY BURYING ALIVE A UNITED STATES HOSPITAL STEWARD.

An American Charter for Manila

MANILA, October 10th, 1901.—Whatever may be said regarding the wisdom of the civil commission's actions in the provinces, one is compelled to admire the thorough and open-minded attitude of the commission as a body and of its members as individuals, in their difficult task of framing a charter which is to determine the character, scope, and functions of the government of Manila as a city apart from the rest of the islands. It is impossible to conceive a more difficult or delicate task than the construction of a system of government which shall be operative over Americans, Filipinos, Chinese, and Europeans, and which shall give satisfaction and justice to all.

Primarily, it may be said, the commission has considered the Filipino. Yet this consideration has not taken the form of undue attention to his point of view, which is limited and Spanish by education, but rather the broader liberties and more just taxation of this people have been considered from the experienced view-point of that greater Anglo-Saxon civilization, and in a paternal fashion laws have been framed and forms of executive devised which could not possibly have emanated from this inexperienced nation, the benefit of which, however, it is not slow to appreciate and even to grasp the meaning of in detail.

It has been deemed inadvisable to give any elective rights to the people of this central city of the Philippines. The commission itself, in taking this action, has compared the conditions in this city with those of Washington. Even if one be not inclined to agree with the comparison, yet the underlying reasons, any one familiar with Manila knows, are sufficiently real and grave to make the action of the commission laudable and sound. On the broad principle that the people of these islands are not yet educated in the responsible use of a real franchise, all franchises might, without tyranny, for fifteen or twenty years be denied them, until the English language becomes universal and a fuller understanding be easily obtainable by the American authorities of what occurs at all public meetings. In the city of Manila there is still a considerable body of Filipinos and others, passively antagonistic to American rule, who would seize the ballot as a means to throw their weight against this policy of the Americans and the Federal party. The commission has wisely decided to take no chances in the matter, and those who are truly interested in the good government of the city and of the islands are entirely in accord with this decision.

Section one of the charter constitutes the inhabitants residing within the boundaries designated in section two a municipality. A sub-section states that the city shall have a seal to dispose of real estate and personal property, etc. Then the limitations of the city government regarding police jurisdiction are defined. Section four states: "The government of said city is hereby vested in a municipal board, consisting of three members, to be appointed by the civil governor, by and with the consent of the commission, and to be removable in the same manner. One member of the board shall be designated as president and shall preside at all meetings of the board." This board is to have a secretary first appointed by the Governor, but in succeeding cases appointed by the board; and a disbursing officer appointed by the board. Each member of the board is on his oath, and besides is bonded in the sum of \$10,000. The fiscal year of the city shall commence on the first day of July of each calendar year, and extend to and include the thirtieth day of June following.

Section ten instructs the board in its method of transacting business. "The board shall meet and transact business every day during the year, Sundays and legal holidays excepted. It shall sit with open doors unless otherwise ordered by affirmative vote of two members. . . . Two members of the board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, and two affirmative votes shall be necessary to the passage of any ordinance or motion. . . . Each ordinance shall be published in two daily newspapers of Manila, one printed in English, the other in

Continued on page 512.



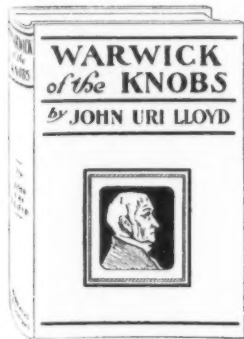
BOOKS AND THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEM



home "pillion" with her husband, the village swell with his brass scarf-pin and his vast pistol with a black bow on the butt, the cradle of hickory bark, the coffins slung to poles and carried by four men. A land of hospitable folk with a prejudice against writing and internal revenue collection; a country apart from the modern world and worth living in. It has no "infidels"; everybody is an orthodox Methodist or Baptist. Episcopalianism is not popular on these heights. "Any Episcopalians around here?" asked a clergyman at a mountain cabin. "I don't know," said the old woman. "Jim's got the skins of a lot o' varmints up in the loft. Mebbe you can find one thar." A vacancy occurring in a mountain pulpit some years ago, the elders decided to "take that ar man Spurgeon if they could get him to come." Sometimes this formula precedes the presentation of the contribution-box: "If anybody wants to extrIBUTE anything to the export of the Gospel, hit will be gradually received." A Howard shot at the last but one of the Turners, who was drinking at a spring. The last but one of the Turners got behind a sycamore root, "emptied his Winchester at his enemy, and between the cracks of his gun he could be heard, half a mile away, praying

preacher renowned in his day for his eloquence and originality, and his mother was a woman of rare culture and extraordinary mental powers. Young Gordon was grad-

SHADOWS as deep as those lying at this day in the valleys and mountains of Kentucky, the "dark and bloody ground" of American history, throw themselves across the current of "Warwick of the Knobs," the latest story of John Uri Lloyd (Dodd, Mead & Company). Tragedy of the grimmest and most soul-stirring kind is that wrought out in these pages. The scene is laid in the border country in the height of the Civil War, and the principal characters are Warwick, a preacher of the "hard-shell Baptist" sect, a stern, inflexible man of the Puritan type, his young daughter and son. The sympathies of Warwick are with the South, and two of his sons are in the Confederate army, but the old man is compelled by stress of peculiar circumstances to take the oath of allegiance to the Union cause. This action on his part leads indirectly to the death of one of his sons, who has escaped from a Union prison and is on his way, under cover of darkness, to the Warwick home especially to visit his young sister, whom he loves



dearly. But, as hard fate would have it, he is shot and instantly killed by this sister as she is guiding General Gordon, also an escaped prisoner, to a safe retreat in the mountains. The brother intercepts them in the darkness and, being mistaken for an enemy, is killed on the spot. The effect of this terrible deed upon the daughter and Warwick, the preacher, as set forth in the story, is worked out in fine and striking lines. The author has evidently given close and careful study to the region and its people, and the story is true to life in every detail. Among the really remarkable and high-class novels of the present year we would surely count this "Warwick of the Knobs." It is a book that must command the interest of all who can appreciate fiction of the first order.

MR. JOHN FOX, JR., in his "Blue Grass and Rhododendron" (Scribners), writes entertainingly of Kentucky—the land of feuds, moonshine, and earnest



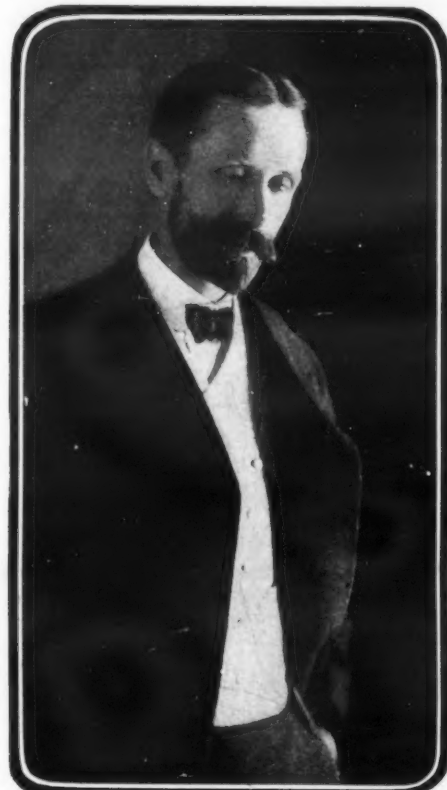
JOHN URI LLOYD, AUTHOR OF "WARWICK OF THE KNOBS." piety, the land of rum and true religion, the mountain regions of that famous State. He pictures forth the old log-cabin, the long rifle, the girl of fifteen riding



"DEBORAH," FROM THE CHARMING BOOK OF THAT NAME BY JAMES LUDLOW.

aloud." A poor region where farmers sometimes break their necks falling out of their corn-fields, but a man-producing region.

IT MIGHT go without saying that no man not "to the manner born" could have written a book so strong with the breath of the wild and picturesque Northland as "The Man from Glengarry." In this story, as in "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," the Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") has dipped his pen, so to speak, in his own life and experiences, and has written of the things whereof he knows. In no other way is it possible to account for the virility and fascinating power of this remarkable story. Mr. Gordon's regular round of duty is that of a pastor of the thriving and prosperous St. Stephen's Church, in Winnipeg. Mr. Gordon was born in this part of the Dominion of Canada, and here he has lived and labored to this day. His father was a

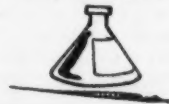


REV. CHARLES GORDON (RALPH CONNOR), WHO WROTE "THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY."

uated at Toronto University, and in theology at Knox College, taking honors and scholarships, but rejoicing more in life than in books. A year's residence in Edinburgh and on the Continent brought him into relations with many prominent men whose friendship he has always kept. The story of how Charles Gordon became Ralph Connor is characteristic of the man. His first parish was in the Rockies, and he came to know and feel for the needs of the rough, uncared-for men of the mines, ranches, and lumber camps. He did his best for them, but that did not satisfy. He sought the aid of his missionary society, which failed to meet the needs. Discouraged, he went to an old college mate, editor of *The Westminster*, in Toronto, who told him to wage his campaign for mission funds through a story in his columns. The story was written, now the early chapters in "Black Rock." The editor was delighted, but how should it be signed? The real name might raise criticism. A telegram from Gordon said: "Sign Connor." An evident blunder for Connor! But what else? Frank? Chris? Fred? No, Ralph. So Ralph Connor was found. "Rather Irish for me, but I guess I can stand it. I will try to live up to it." He has.

WHEN AN English lady of fashion issued a new quarterly magazine a year or two ago at five dollars (or, to be exact, one guinea) per copy, she was warned of failure, yet she succeeded. Now an English publisher of large means and experience is startling the trade with an announcement that he will issue an ideally perfect art quarterly at ten guineas per number; he also announces, though it would hardly seem necessary, that the edition will be limited. The new venture is to be called "The Ideal," and undoubtedly it will succeed, for several American publishers have learned, to their great profit, that it is quite easy to get enormous prices for limited editions of really handsome books.

Continued on page 509.





A CHICKEN OFF ITS
PERCH.
Copyright, 1901, by
J. I. Austen & Co.



FEEDING THE HUNGRY BROOD.
Copyright, 1901, by John H. Tarbell.

**THANKSGIVING
STORIES
WITHOUT
WORDS**

Photographs by Amateurs
and other contributors
to "Leslie's Weekly."



UNCLE NED TELLS HOW HE GOT HIS THANKSGIVING
BIRD.—Photograph by L. E. Offut, Memphis, Tenn.



WEIGHING THE THANKSGIVING
TURKEY.
Photograph by R. L. Dunn.

A THANKSGIVING DESSERT FOR A FAVORITE PONY.
Photograph by Norman Pomeroy, Jr., Lockport, N. Y.



THE HAPPY SPORTSMAN HOMEWARD BOUND.
Photograph by Norman Pomeroy, Jr., Lockport, N. Y.



SELECTING A THANKSGIVING
DINNER.
Photograph by R. L. Dunn.

Books and the People Who Make Them.

Continued from page 507.

AMERICAN AUTHORS have been known to sigh for the popularity and prices that are supposed to be gained by their English cousins who write successful books. But none of them would change places with the author of one of the most noted stories of the year, a story which we decline to name, out of respect for the feelings of the very clever young man who wrote it, and is doing some dismal wonderings at what literary success amounts to. Suffice it to say that the novel in question was one of the best sellers in England, and ranked, for many weeks, among the best sellers in great American book-stores. Yet the author sold the manuscript "out-and-out" for about \$125, and he does not expect any additional sum through "publisher's courtesy." Other stories of similar character have drifted over from London.

IN "RELIGION in Common Life," by John Caird, D.D., Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. present a work which deserves, and will doubtless receive, a wide reading. Dr. Caird speaks to the head and the heart, the reason and the soul. The simple, the elemental, truth of all his teaching is that religion is the essence of the true life of the soul. His persistent contention is that the normal soul is the religious soul, and he asserts the compatibility of religion with the business of daily life, the common round of trivial duties which comprise about all there is of the majority of lives. Life's highest ideal is not achieved by the one who cares but to pass into the silent life, but by such as live well the every-day life of the world; who see treasured up in the various relations of concrete social life the spiritual experience of the human race. From this it is quite evident that in the view of Dr. Caird religion is not a theory, but a life. There is a beautiful unity in his writings, just as there is a unity in his life. Whatever he commits to paper is informed and vitalized and made fruitful of good to others by a personality rich, ripe, well-rounded; the spirit of it all is sweet and ennobling. One who reads with intent mind and open heart will not soon forget his enrichment through another's life, the mysterious refreshment of his spirit.

LOOT AND literature should be unrelated topics. Yet the clearest light on the peculiar changes of ownership of much Chinese property after the occupation of Peking by the allies last year is shed by a chapter of Frederic W. Unger's just published "With 'Bobs' and Krüger" (Henry T. Coates & Co.). The chapter referred to is an admirably careful, honest study of a typical soldier who sees "lying about" in the enemy's country all sorts of unprotected property. Some of this property he really needs, perhaps to keep him from starving or freezing, so he takes it; then he sees arms, equipments, or horse better than his own, so he exchanges, for the good of the service of which he is a member. Later, something that he does not need, yet which he would greatly like, appeals to his eye; shall he leave it to some other passer-by or to destruction? And so, step by step, morally, he soon reaches the place in which he finds himself taking whatever of value he can lay hands upon, even if the owner has not abandoned it. He is not a thief; oh, no! for "loot" does not sound a bit like "theft."

JAMES CREELMAN, whose new book, "On the Great Highway" (Lothrop Publishing Company), is a partial record of his own experiences, is undoubtedly the most traveled of American "special" correspondents, yet he is still one of the younger men in the business. Long before he came of age he floated down the Mississippi with Paul Boynton, who was exploiting his life-saving suit; a year or two later Creelman was interviewing Sitting Bull on the plains, and actually laughing in the old warrior's face without losing his own life. Since then he has observed every important war that has disturbed the world, interviewed all the great potentates, and many great criminals, been wounded on battle-fields, scorched by jungle fevers, and risked his life in many other ways, yet he remains a special

correspondent, and probably would not exchange positions with a bank president.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S new military novel, "The Cavalier" (Scribner's), is winning golden comments from Civil War survivors, who should be its most competent critics. The difference between this book and Civil War romances in general is that the author was a participator in the life he describes, so his tale is utterly unlike the war stories imagined by young men who never heard a shot fired in anger. The relater, too, seems genuine to old soldiers, and is welcomed accordingly, for he is not a heroic or picturesque figure, but of the type most common in both armies, a very young man who looked wonderingly at everything he saw, and was sometimes inexpressibly shocked and frightened, yet whose soul dominated his body, and usually made him equal to his duties, no matter how appalling these may have been.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has received the following books: "Ferudey House" and "Geoffrey Stories"—Laura E. Richards. (Dana Estes & Co.) "The Cavalier"—George W. Cable. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) "Travelers' Tales of China"—Hezekiah Butterworth. (Dana Estes & Co.) "Blue Grass and Rhododendron"—John Fox, Jr. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) "The Man from Glengarry"—Ralph Connor. (Fleming H. Revell Co.) "Deborah"—James M. Ludlow. (Fleming H. Revell Co.) "The Tin Owl"—William Rose. (Dana Estes & Co.) "Reyn and the Fox"—Joseph J. Mora. (Dana Estes & Co.) "Where Was the Little White Dog?"—Margaret Johnson. (Dana Estes & Co.) "In the Fireflies' Glow" (Juvenile)—Alice Rogers Moore. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.) "No Trespassing" and other verses—May Howell Beecher. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.) "The Gordon Mystery; or, the Plot That Failed"—C. Du Mont Parmater. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.) "God's Smiles and a Look Into His Face"—Maggie Olive Jordan. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)

Life-insurance Suggestions.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made, especially by the advocates of fraternal insurance orders, that the old-line companies unnecessarily load their premium charges, in order to provide for reserves and accumulations. It never seems to have occurred to these people that the policyholders are the beneficiaries of whatever they pay in, and that occasionally—perhaps I might say very often—large prizes are drawn in the lottery of life insurance; for so long as life is uncertain life insurance will be more or less of a speculation. One of the most noticeable of recent cases was that of the estate of John Rochester Thomas, the well-known architect and builder of New York, which received \$200,000 from the Equitable Life, although Mr. Thomas had only made a single payment of \$5,000 on his policy. Instances of this kind, though probably not involving such large amounts, are not infrequent in old-line companies. How often do they occur in the fraternal orders? It must always be borne in mind that the members of an old-line company, if they pay more for their insurance, receive more, and beyond this they have a guarantee of absolute safety.

"A. C." Brooklyn: The company is neither very old nor very strong. I certainly would prefer insurance in some other. Will make further inquiries. No stamp inclosed.

"V." Cambridgeport, Mass.: The State Mutual Life, of Worcester, Mass., is one of the oldest of the old-line companies, doing a snug business and making a very good statement. No stamp inclosed.

"Demopolis," Ala.: The concern is engaged in a risky business and is therefore not regarded with the highest favor. Will give you additional facts as soon as I can examine its latest report. No stamp inclosed.

"P." Sheffield, Penn.: The scheme of the Mutual Reserve is not a new one, and therefore has not the merit of originality. (2) It is too early to decide that question. It has had lots of trouble and is struggling to emerge from it. Next year will probably tell the story.

"C." Cleveland, O.: I would divide my insurance as you propose. I think well of the Prudential. You would find either of the great New York companies quite as satisfactory as the others you suggest, and perhaps more so. (2) I think the mutual companies are likely to pay enough dividends to make your insurance reasonable during the next twenty years. All of the companies are really mutual. (3) Yes. Your letter should have been addressed to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and not to the Leslie Publishing Company. The latter is an entirely different establishment. (2) I do not think it is in the same class. (3) The law only protects as far as the provisions of the policy entitle it to do so. The terms of the policy should always be carefully read and thoroughly understood. It is the contract that the company makes with its clients.

The Hermit.

In Uniform.

"I HAVE just been reading an article entitled, 'The Blue and the Gray.'"

"Oh, I don't care for war-stories."

"But this isn't a war-story. It tells all about the lives of the messenger-boys."

The Three Essentials

You who are wise will insist on these three qualities when you buy a beer:

First:---*Purity*; for healthfulness depends on it.

Schlitz Beer is pure. Our brewery throughout is kept as clean as your kitchen. Every drop of our beer is cooled in plate glass rooms in filtered air. Then the beer is filtered in a thoroughly effective way.

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We use the best barley that money can buy, and a partner in our business selects it.

from the same mother cells. No one has ever produced other yeast that compares with it.

We send experts to Bohemia each year to select our hops from the finest grown in the world.

Schlitz beer—even in Germany, the home of good brewing—is considered the standard beer of the world.

Our yeast is developed forever

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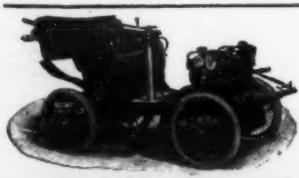
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PREVIOUS REPUTATION UPHELD.

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Highest Award—Gold Medal—Pan-American Exposition.
DE DION BOUTON MOTORETTE CO. Church Lane & 27th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; 57 West 64th St., New York.
Madison Square Garden, November 2-9, 1901.



PRINCETON BUCKING TACKLE—MCCLAVE (1), LEFT HALF, ABOUT TO TAKE THE BALL, WHICH HAS JUST LEFT THE QUARTER-BACK'S HANDS, DE WITT (2) CLOSING IN TO HELP.



YALE'S FAMOUS TACKLE PLAY, SHOWING THE MAGNIFICENT TEAM-WORK WHICH WON THE GAME—WEYMOUTH (1), YALE'S GIANT FULL-BACK, WITH BALL, FOLLOWING DESAULLES (2) INTO THE LINE, AND HELPED BY CHADWICK (3), HART (4), AND SWAN (5).



HART (2), LEFT HALF-BACK, YALE, TAKING BALL FROM DESAULLES (1) FOR RUN AROUND PRINCETON'S LEFT END.



DE WITT (1), PRINCETON'S STAR PLAYER, PUNTING BALL OUT OF DANGEROUS PROXIMITY TO THE TIGER GOAL.

THE DESPERATE FOOT-BALL STRUGGLE AT NEW HAVEN.

HOW THE STALWART SONS OF ELI CRASHED THROUGH THE TIGER LINE FOR A HARD-FOUGHT VICTORY. SCORE—YALE 12, PRINCETON 0.
Photographs by C. A. Slosson.

Fall and Winter Sports.

I SAW CHARLES M. MURPHY on a bicycle paced by a locomotive make a mile on Long Island in 1898, in 57½ seconds, and on the rear platform of that car, back of which Murphy was riding, were men who have been familiar figures in the sporting world for years. Most of them were so nervous at the completion of the trial that they could not speak coherently. Murphy himself was completely out of his head, although he was not injured in any way. I mention this to introduce the recent wonderful speed trials on Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, when Henry Fournier drove an automobile a mile in 51½ seconds, and Murphy, in a policeman's uniform, stood just back of me and groaned as his speed record vanished. Murphy was proud of the performance, which was faster than anything except a locomotive upon iron rails. The fact that a mile a minute was beaten four times that afternoon is a really more wonderful performance than many thought. I have maintained that the record would be made this year, but nobody anticipated that A. C. Bostwick, Foxhall Keene, and Fournier would all accomplish this feat in one afternoon. The trials simply show that the speed of automobiles of this class are determined largely upon the condition of the roads. Fournier will make even faster time; he says so, believes it, and his friends believe it. I think that if a perfectly smooth, straight stretch of road can be found, one of these racing machines will make a mile in close to forty-five seconds.

THERE IS at least one national show held in New York each year in which novelty and the desire for new features play no part. At the horse show there was the same interest and excitement, the same parading of high-class horses, and the same display of pretty girls and handsome matrons. At the annual horse-show luncheon, recently, William C. Whitney, in his address, took particular pains to give to the fair sex its full due

for the making of the annual show the success that it has always achieved. It is true that the horse is a noble animal, and we all love him; but we love the pretty women, who are the real feature of the show, much better. In other exhibits the cry is always for something new, but at the horse show the one desire is to see the fashionable women as they promenade around the ring between the tanbark and the arena boxes. Omit the beauty show and the annual display of high-class horse-flesh would not amount to so much. To see and be seen at the horse show is the fashionable fad, and it is one of the few fads that have struck New York in recent years which is stable and lasting. While the expenses of the exhibit are considerable, it is said that the association, of which Cornelius Fellows is the president, has always been a consistent money-maker.

I HAVE WATCHED the career of C. S. Titus, the amateur champion oarsman, with considerable interest, and believe that the young New Orleans athlete has a splendid future before him. He is a natural oarsman, if one ever lived, and he illustrates a point I have always maintained, that an athlete, to be great, need not of a necessity be of large bulk. Admitting that a good big man is better than a good little man, it must also be admitted that there have been few really good big men in sports. Titus does not weigh over 145 pounds in training, but he is a pocket Hercules. He tells me that he has about made up his mind to go to England next season and try to capture the diamond sculls, the blue ribbon of Henley. If he does he will certainly give a good account of himself. It is his intention to prolong his trip, if he wins at Henley, and visit Australia before he returns to this country. Titus is a clean-cut looking fellow, manly and sportsman-like.

This duty done he felt better and on the arrival of the train he alighted to find a carriage and coachman and footman in waiting. His colleagues departed in another direction, he alone was to stop at the "private house." As he bowled along the country road a dim presentiment grew in Mr. Campanari's mind, a presentiment that grew to a well-defined horror during a dinner of many courses. All the time he hoped that the telegram had miscarried. After the coffee a waiter came in carrying a tray, on it were two roast chickens and two bottles of wine. For the rest of the evening Mr. Twombly, delighted at the mistake, introduced Mr. Campanari to all the pretty girls present at the musicale, explaining, "This is the man who was afraid he would not get enough to eat." The singer's telegram, for two roast chickens and two bottles of wine, he has had framed as a souvenir.

"The Rosamond Tales."

IT IS A pleasure to mention a book which is the work of one of our contributors, Mr. Cuyler Reynolds, of Albany, N. Y. Besides producing a book now and then, and contributing almost monthly to the weeklies and the

THE RECENT Yale-Princeton game was admitted by all who saw the battle at New Haven to have been one of the cleanest-fought and most sportsmanlike struggles ever seen in college foot-ball. The most fraternal feeling existed between the players of the two teams, and between their friends on the side lines and in the stands. Princeton admits that a mistake was made in not allowing Poe to play right through the game. When he was back of the line he seemed to inject ginger into the whole Princeton outfit. The Poes have been foot-ball heroes at Old Nassau for so many years, it seemed strange to see a member of this illustrious foot-ball family on the side lines.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

[READERS are invited to consult the sporting editor on perplexing sporting problems. A stamp should always be inclosed with an inquiry, as a personal reply may be deemed proper. Address Sporting Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

WILLIAM SHERRER, PRINCETON: John Bethell Uhle, No. 204 Broadway, New York, is the president of the Highway Alliance. JOHN C. CHAPMAN, BUFFALO: Vanderbilt, Keene, and Bostwick always drive their own machines in automobile races. Fournier's mile in 51 4-5 seconds is the fastest ever made with anything except a locomotive.

JAMES WILSON, PITTSBURG: There is a penalty for slugging in a foot-ball game. There has been less rough play than usual this year and serious accidents have been scarce.

MRS. J. M. MOTT, WASHINGTON: Bicycle experts agree that the longer the wheel base the harder a machine will be as a hill climber. If you have tried to climb a hill on a tandem you will appreciate this.

GEORGE MAY, CHICAGO: While the courts have already decided that the option clause in the National League contract will not hold a player, the club owners continue to sign ball-players that way.

CONSTANT READER, SAN FRANCISCO: There is nothing to prevent two men from sitting down over a game of cards and agreeing to any sort of old rules. If no agreement is made, house rules and customs always govern the play. In a table-stake game you are privileged to see any bet made for the amount of checks or capital in front of you.

G. E. S.

The Joke on M. Campanari.

MUSICAL artists are notoriously indifferent to details, and Mr. Campanari, the baritone, is scarcely an exception as this little experience of his would seem to show. He was engaged to sing at Madison. "But you are not to stop at the hotel but at a private house," he was told. Two other musicians were engaged for the same evening.

"What private house?" asked Mr. Campanari.

"Mr. Hamilton Mackay Twombly's," was the answer. But no explanation was added that Mr. Twombly was a Vanderbilt.

"Will they send a carriage for me from the house where I am to sing?" inquired the baritone, as he looked through the score of "La Bohème," occupied with thoughts of a rehearsal about to begin.

"Of course," said the manager.

Later Mr. Campanari, thinking that he was to stop at one house and sing at another, and that dinner for his colleagues and himself was a not unimportant affair, got his note book from his pocket and telegraphed to the address of the "private house":

Mr. H. MACK. TWOMBLY:
Have two chickens and two bottles of wine ready for me tomorrow at five o'clock.
G. CAMPANARI.

magazines, he has been a critical literary reviewer for a decade, and started out to make a book for the young which would combine the features that he judged requisite to make a model volume of the kind. He knew that it was ridiculous to employ type readable by those attending school unless the words were such as are in a child's vocabulary, and he maintained the diction of a class in English. Bishop Doane, in writing the introduction for Mr. Reynolds's volume "The Rosamond Tales," points out the urgent need of placing only the best books before the impressionable young. There are sixteen stories, each possessed of a plot as though standing alone in a periodical for children, yet connected throughout. An old negro, one of the characters, who works on the farm of Rosamond's father, in the manner of Jonas in Abbott's "Rollo Books," supplies no end of information to curious children. Stories are intended to introduce facts about fishes, birds, insects, plants, and animals. Mr. Reynolds has advisedly brought his camera into service and employed two striking pictures with each story in a fascinating manner, while the frontispiece represents the best work of that well-known artist, Maud Humphrey. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, have produced the book in the best style.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,
BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES,
NO. 57 CHAMBERS STREET,
BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN,
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1901.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons whose
taxes for the year 1901 remain unpaid on the first day
of November of the said year, that unless the same
shall be paid to the Receiver of Taxes at his office in the
Borough in which the property is located, as follows:

Borough of Manhattan, No. 57 Chambers Street,
Manhattan, N. Y.;
Borough of The Bronx, corner Third and Tremont
avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.;
Borough of Brooklyn, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8 Municipal
Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.;
Borough of Queens, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth
Street, Long Island City, N. Y.;
Borough of Richmond, Richmond Building, New
Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.;

on or before the first day of December of said year, he
will charge, receive and collect upon such taxes so re-
maining unpaid on that day, in addition to the amount
of such taxes, one per centum on the amount thereof, as
provided by section 916 of the Greater New York
Charter (Chapter 378, Laws of 1897).

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

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Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the
information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S
WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering ques-
tions, and all communications are treated confi-
dentially. Correspondents should always inclose
a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is neces-
sary. Inquiries should refer only to matters di-
rectly connected with Wall Street interests.]

A DISTINCT change in the temper of
the market is disclosed by its con-
duct after the making of the long-talked-of
announcement regarding a settlement of
the Northern Pacific-Union Pacific trouble.
We had been told that this settlement
would be the opening gun of the new bull
movement, but the announcement of this
gigantic railroad deal had hardly reached
the public before the whole market dropped
under the pressure of enormous sales.
Early this year the merest rumor of good
news was sufficient to send the market
kiting. Now the consummation of a deal
seems to be only accepted as another op-
portunity for the overloaded ones to un-
load. In other words, the market is in
the hands of professionals, who are sell-
ing their stocks at a profit as rapidly as
they can, and who realize that the end
of the bull movement came on the day that
President McKinley was assassinated.

How signally the market fails to re-
spond to bull "pointers" every one ought
to understand by this time. The great
Northern Pacific combination has proved
a flash in a pan. Expectations of easy
money have not been met, but, on the
other hand, exports of gold are increasing.
Our foreign trade showed during Octo-
ber, as compared with the preceding year,
a loss of about half a million dollars a
day in our exports. A gigantic new steel
trust, a new pressed-steel-car concern, a
new window-glass trust, a new biscuit
trust, and new legislation affecting trusts,
at Washington, are all talked of. Instead
of a community of railroad interests, we
find great independent lines like the Chi-
cago and Great Western and the St. Paul,
still gunning for business, and making it
uncomfortable for competitors. It is no
secret that railroad managers generally
expect lessened earnings in the new year,
that many of the heaviest investors on
Wall Street have unloaded their stocks,
and that there is a general feeling that
the agitation of the tariff in Congress,
the rising public sentiment against trusts
in many States, and the resentment of the
masses against the accumulation of vast
properties by the manipulators of a few
corporations, threaten the permanence of
the prosperous condition which we have
been enjoying the last few years. Worse
than this, the industrial depression abroad,
in the judgment of experienced observers,
foreshadows hard times in the United
States. We may not experience them at
once, but this is believed to be the closing
year of the boom.

The story of the Northern Pacific-Union
Pacific-Burlington combination is too long
to be told here. The contest for the con-
trol of the Northern Pacific last May was
led by Mr. Harriman, for the Union Pacific.
Control of the Northern Pacific was sought
by him because the Hill-Morgan crowd,
which controlled the Northern Pacific and
Great Northern, had also secured a major-
ity of the Burlington stock. The Burling-
ton route is as important to the Union
Pacific as it is to the Northern Pacific.
Realizing the dangers of the situation, Mr.
Harriman jumped into the market last
spring to secure control of the Northern
Pacific, because that carried with it con-
trol of the Burlington. The Hill-Morgan
financiers were caught napping. While
they were calmly satisfied with the situa-
tion as they had laid it out, they suddenly
discovered that Mr. Harriman, by captur-
ing the Northern Pacific, had spoiled their
plans regarding the Burlington.

It is no secret that Mr. Harriman on
the one side and Mr. Morgan on the other
have expressed anything but agreeable sen-
timents regarding each other. Both are
good fighters, and Hill is as unyielding as
either Mr. Morgan or Mr. Harriman. The
struggle for control caused the panic of
May 9th, and it has taken six months for
opposing interests to finally reconcile their
differences. Meanwhile a halt was called
all along the line in Wall Street, specula-
tion fell to the lowest ebb, and unfortunate
occurrences broke the back of the long-con-
tinued boom.

The new corporation, which is to sat-
isfactorily dispose of the railways which

have caused the dispute, does not add any-
thing to the value of Union Pacific, North-
ern Pacific, Great Northern, or Chicago,
Burlington and Quincy. No physical change
in these properties is created, no new econ-
omies are provided for, and there is no
change in their relative conditions, except-
ing that it is understood that they are to
be run in accord with each other. But they
have been run this way for some time past;
at least we have been assured that there
was no warfare, open or secret, between
these lines. Conservative investors, there-
fore, have reached the conclusion that the
great railroad corporation, which the Har-
riman, Hill, and Morgan interests have
created, is only the fruition of a scheme to
unload upon the public the shares of the
railroads involved, which they purchased
at much higher than current prices, or at
prices that were not justified by existing
conditions. This is the reason why the
entire market declined as soon as announce-
ment of the combination was made.

That far-seeing and experienced finan-
cier, Russell Sage, scents danger in this
great railroad combination, embracing
railroads covering over 32,000 miles, and
corporations with bonds and stocks ag-
gregating over \$1,625,000,000, the hugest
affair of the kind the world has ever seen.
Mr. Sage predicts that the weaker lines
will struggle still harder than ever for
business, and that they will appeal to legis-
lation for aid against the gigantic new
combination. He might have added that
there is little doubt that a congressional
investigation will be demanded, and, if
granted, it will probably reveal the inside
history of the Northern Pacific corner,
and if it does I predict that we will have
a sensation such as we have not had since
the *credit mobilier* exposure, in the days of
Oakes Ames.

"Subscriber," Yonkers, N. Y.: No; for rea-
sons many times repeated in this column.

"W.," New Haven: Do not touch the stock.
Its value is purely prospective and I doubt if it
will ever materialize.

"Chemist," Newark, N. J.: All the bonds
you mention are worth keeping, especially the
Northern Pacific three and the Santa Fe's. No
stamp.

"E. B. B.," Philadelphia: I would have noth-
ing to do with the party. Anonymous com-
munications are not answered. No stamp in-
closed.

"S.," Hagerstown, Md.: I think well of
Reading first preferred. (2) It is impossible
to verify the statement, and leading parties in
interest deny it.

"F. H.," Morrisville, N. Y.: I do not think
the McKinley Mining and Smelting Company's
stock is a good speculation. It has been very
cleverly boomed by paid-for press notices.

"D.," Ashtabula, O.: I would prefer Chicago,
Indianapolis and Louisville preferred (Monon) as
an investment at prevailing prices, which look
low, to any of the stocks you mention. No stamp
inclosed.

"J. O. B.," Amesbury, Mass.: I do not be-
lieve in the concern to which you refer, and am
not surprised that your inquiries were not sat-
isfactorily answered. I have constantly advised
against listening to alluring promises of phe-
nomenal profits on small investments.

"W.," Hanging Rock, O.: I would not do
business with the Wheat Investors' Corporation,
and I think their guarantees are preposterous.
Nor would I have anything to do with the New
York company which makes you such offers. If
you want to speculate do it through some broker
of recognized standing.

"Anxious Reader," Chelsea, Mass.: The elec-
tric equipment of Manhattan, and the possibility,
which many regard as a probability, that it may
make a close working combination with Metro-
politan, is sustaining its price, but you ought
to be able to cover if you can protect your sale
up to the figure you name.

"F.," Portland, Me.: I do not believe in the
permanence of the company. You may receive
a few dividends, but in the end you will risk
your original investment. (2) Have nothing to
do with it. (3) On receipt of four dollars for
an annual subscription to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, you
will be placed on our preferred list entitling you
to personal answers by mail or telegraph in
emergencies. You inclosed no stamp.

"B. R. T.," Peoria, Ill.: No important litiga-
tion is pending against Brooklyn Rapid Transit
excepting its damage suits, which are costing the
road a great deal of money from year to year.
On its earnings it is selling pretty high, because
it has never paid a dividend, and no dividends
are in sight. Many are holding it in the belief
that it will be taken into a local traction combina-
tion on advantageous terms. You inclosed no
stamp.

"R.," Chicago: At prevailing prices, St. Louis
and San Francisco common looks cheaper than
Atchison common, though it is the general im-
pression that the earnings of both are likely to
decline next year. (2) Manhattan is strongly
held, and its new electric equipment, it is believed,
will increase its earnings shortly and advance the
price. It is not a safe stock to sell short, but on
a reaction you may be able to cover before the
close of the year.

"K.," Syracuse: It was exploited by a pool,
which overbid the business. (2) Many believe it
to be a purchase at present prices. (3) No com-
plete financial statement has yet been made pub-
lic. (4) Your question about American Ice has
been answered before in this column. If the lit-
igation against the American Ice should result
adversely to it, the intrinsic value of the stock
would not be affected. Litigation does not mean
confiscation. You inclosed no stamp.

"S.," Jacksonville, Fla.: Harrison & Wyck-
off, 71 Broadway, are members of the New York
Stock Exchange, and deal in fractional lots. (2)
I do not think you would be wise to speculate at
this time on so small a principal. (3) Pay no
attention to such letters, or to any others that

offer to share your profits and not your losses.
Wall Street is full of these bunco games. You
may make a little profit at the start, but in the
end you are bound to lose. Have no dealings
except with members of one of the two reputa-
ble stock exchanges.

"R.," Middletown, N. Y.: Thank you for
your compliment. (1) The earnings of Kansas
City Southern continue to be very large, and I
have no doubt that the stock could be advanced
if the principal owners were ready to do so.
In such a market I am always inclined to advise
taking a fair profit. (2) Among the anthracite
coal properties I regard Ontario and Western as
relatively the cheapest. (3) American Locomo-
tive preferred, it is said, is to be advanced toward
par. It is, while the railroad business continues
so good, a fair industrial investment. (4) I
hesitate to advise the purchase of United States
Steel common, because the common stock, as
every one knows, represents water. It may be
manipulated to a higher price, but I am not in
favor of gambling in stocks. (5) The earnings
of Wisconsin Central do not promise much for
the common in the near future, and the value
of the shares, therefore, lies chiefly in the hope
that the road may be absorbed on advantageous
terms by some of its largest competitors. I am
not advising the purchase of stocks for specula-
tion now.

Continued on page 512.

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An American Charter for Manila

Continued from page 506.

Spanish, within three days after its passage." Section twelve provides that city officers and employees shall be appointed by the civil governor for the first time, but shall be removable by the board, and all future appointments shall be made by the board.

To follow such a lengthy document as a city charter through the interminable phraseology of sixty-eight sections is beyond the scope of this article. However, there are a few quaint and some significant regulations which give it a peculiarly Oriental and local character. Without the following clause of section seventeen the Manila charter would not be complete: "To regulate and license or suppress cock-fighting and cock-pits." And again in another clause we find a blow aimed at Celestial happiness which has already raised a vigorous protest. "To provide for the closing of opium joints, and to prohibit the keeping or visiting of any place where opium is smoked, or sold for the purpose of smoking." The commission has deemed it advisable to have all of the city's money collected and guarded by the insular treasurer, and the insular auditor will audit the city's accounts. All the usual departments relating to public works, health, city improvements, etc., have been formed, special reference to the local need and conditions of course necessitating special regulations differing from those of an American city.

In the matter of assessment and taxation the commission had a difficult problem, in two particulars at least, to solve. The ownership of so much property by the church and religious bodies other than actual churches, institutions of learning and so on, and the fact that real estate had never been properly taxed in the city of Manila. The first question relating to the church has been fairly and ingeniously met by section forty-eight, which defines property exempt from taxation and specifies "lands or buildings used exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, or educational purposes, and not for profit, shall be exempt from taxation; but such exemption shall not extend to lands or buildings held for investment, though the income therefrom be devoted to religious, charitable, scientific, or educational purposes."

The president of the University of Santo Thomas (a friar institution) in a public hearing before the commission inquired into this exemption clause and wished a definition of an institution for profit and another which was not for profit. Governor Taft explained that an institution might receive fees from its pupils and yet not be for profit, if all the money taken in such fees was expended in running the institution, or if the surplus (should any exist) be invested in any improvement of the institution, its buildings, equipments, scholarships, etc. But an institution having a surplus, which surplus is appropriated by the owners of the institution for their personal use, comes under the "profit" clause and is therefore taxable.

The second difficulty, that of imposing a heavy tax on property which had hitherto been practically exempt, it was expected would produce some opposition. The opposition came in the person of Señor Roblen, who protested in the interests of the land and property owners of Manila, who had met to discuss the two per cent. tax on the assessed value of all real estate in Manila. The discussion of every possible side of the question, which took place at a public session of the commission with open doors, gave the people of Manila a splendid opportunity to discover the fair, impartial, and patient manner in which the commission considers every vital question before allowing it to pass beyond discussion into the absolute domain of law. The whole proceeding was an exposition by the commission of the broad point of view which seeks the public good, discovers the public necessities, and demands that the community shall pay for these necessities on a sound economic basis, the taxes being raised from such sources as the experience of Anglo-Saxon government has proved shall be least felt by the community and not oppressive to the poor or the man of small business.

Señor Roblen and other Spaniards who

have spoken did not understand the idea of privilege, and only with difficulty after much explaining could they be brought to understand the broader point of view. The discussion, however, did nothing but good, as it brought to light points requiring amendment; it educated every Spaniard or Filipino to a broader understanding of the American conception of government, and it brought about a temporary abatement of the tax on real estate which will at least enable the tax-payer to become used to his increased responsibility and arrange to meet it. Instead of the two per cent. tax being enforced at once, a one per cent. tax only will be imposed for the first fiscal year, a one and one-half per cent. tax for the second year, and a two per cent. tax for the third year and every year thereafter.

To counteract the arbitrary effect of government by a purely appointed municipal board, an advisory board to represent the people has been provided. Certain stated rights have been given this board, and it can, if composed of energetic, public-spirited men, keep the views of the people continually before the municipal board and secure the thorough ventilation of every important question before its enactment as law. The new charter for the city of Manila is a big step toward good government in these islands, and if the new laws, which the commission is now framing for the civil and criminal codes, be acted up to, letter and spirit, the people of Manila can surely look forward to a brighter and more prosperous future than has been their past. SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Hints to Money-Makers.

Continued from page 511.

"S." Brockton, Mass.: Am making inquiries.

"L." New York: Your name was not found because your subscription goes to your Brooklyn address.

"B." Ashtabula, O.: Hathaway & Co., New York, are rated very high, and have an excellent reputation.

"M." Fair Haven, Mass.: Subscription received and preference given. Neither firm has any rating.

"M." Detroit: The New York Evening Post, the New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle. No monthly.

"R. T." Clinton, Mass.: I would not touch any of them. (2) Not worth bothering with. (3) Douglas, Lacey & Co., of New York and Boston, are members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange.

"X. Y. Z." Pittsburg, Penn.: I thank you for your information regarding the million-dollar mortgage on one of the United States Steel Corporation's mills. What is a little thing like a million dollars to a billion and a half corporation? That is the answer that would probably be made if the question were raised, but it would not satisfy me. The confiding public, however, would probably swallow it. (2) There is no way of accurately ascertaining, but those who sold United States Steel preferred at par acted wisely.

"G." Hartford, Conn.: I would not sacrifice my Amalgamated. While the condition of the copper market is not good, the controlling powers may adjust their litigation at any time and put matters on a better basis. (2) The annual statement of the United Fruit Company shows only a nominal surplus this year, as against nearly half a million last year. (3) The depressed condition of the iron market in Germany is sending some of its iron and steel products to this country, in competition with our own.

"G." Seneca Falls, N. Y.: I think your figures are justified in part, but it must be remembered that so rapid is the progress of improvements in iron manufacture that establishments which were modernized ten years ago are not modern now, and the same is true of the electric field. Electric lighting plants that were absolutely new seven years ago are being replaced with perfected and up-to-date machinery, in the interests of economy. As to the future of the United States Steel Corporation, we must await the arbitration of time.

"L." St. Louis: It is the general belief that an arrangement between the Metropolitan and Elevated systems, and possibly one that will include the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, will be the outcome of the local situation. (2) Various rumors adverse to the Pressed Steel Car concern have been circulating recently; one to the effect that the Pennsylvania road is to build its own cars; another to the effect that an opposition concern is about to be started. Some have suspected that these rumors were intended to depress the shares, to enable purchases to be made preliminary to the absorption of the Pressed Steel Car Company by the United States Steel combination, but this has been absolutely denied.

"Arcade." New York: Activity in stocks is shown by the number of shares sold. One day or one week a stock may be very active, and another day or another week few transactions in it may occur. (2) The principal Vanderbilt roads are the New York Central, the Canada Southern, Lake Shore, Boston & Albany, West Shore and Union Pacific. The Missouri Pacific is the backbone of the Gould system, which also includes the Wabash, Texas Pacific, and the leading Denver roads. J. P. Morgan has large interests in the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and in most of the Vanderbilt and some of the Gould and Pennsylvania roads. (3) Regular annual subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are preferred in making personal answers by mail or telegraph. No stamp.

"M." Chicago: I did not advise short sales of either Atchison or Northern Pacific. On the contrary, I advised extreme caution in dealing in both shares. (2) If you had observed this column and if you had followed its suggestions during the past few months, you would have noticed that I advised the purchase of the Wabash Debenture Bs. of Monon common, and United States Express, when all were selling at considerably lower figures. The situation of the market now is such that I am averse to advising purchases for a long pull, though money will no doubt be made on quick transactions by those who watch the market carefully. I do not believe that prices can be advanced again to any extent on a new bull movement until there has been a more general liquidation. JASPER.

New York, November 20th, 1901.



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Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."

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Horse Bucked.

RIDER SEVERELY HURT.

A CINCINNATI man visiting in Texas, on a ranch, was thrown from a horse and so severely injured that his life was despaired of. He takes pride in telling how food saved his life. The heavy drugs given seriously injured his stomach and as he says, "It seemed I would soon have to starve in the midst of plenty. My stomach refused to digest food and I ran down from 165 to 133 pounds. When my appetite failed I was ready to give up, and it looked as though I would soon 'wink out.'"

"One morning the foreman's daughter brought in what she called a splendid food, and it turned out to be Grape-Nuts. A little skeptical I ate it and found it was good, and just the kind of food I could keep on my stomach, which had been almost burned out by the vile drugs."

"I felt that I had obtained a new lease of life, for improvement set in at once. A week later I was weighed and had gained two pounds. My weight has since steadily increased by the constant use of Grape-Nuts, and I am now better than I have been in years, as my friends will all testify."

"In all kinds of athletic sports I notice I have a greater reserve force than formerly, for which I am indebted to Grape-Nuts. Taken in moderation it is the greatest food of its kind in the world, being equally well adapted to athletes and invalids." Paul Alwin Platz, 1906 Biglow Ave., Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Not of that Order.

Beth (watching her grandfather remove a newly-hatched flock of chickens to a coop)—"How long will it take, grandpa, for their hairs to branch out?"



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Heard on Staten Island.

First Mosquito—"O, this is awful! What shall we do?"

Second Mosquito—"What's the matter? We can dodge that oil in some way, can't we?"

First Mosquito—"Oh, 'taint the oil that I am thinking of. It's being called an anophele, a member of the genus culex, and all such things, that hurts my feelings."

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and clerical work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket-offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

HIS THANKSGIVING DAY.

A TRIM and dainty maid was she,
In lilac calico;
Around her slender waist was tied
An apron white as snow;
For in the sunny kitchen wide
Of a farm-house far away
She cooked the turkey to a turn
Upon Thanksgiving Day.

He watched her from the open door,
For he was very shy,
And all his manly courage fled
Before her roguish eye;
He lay awake the livelong night
Until the east was gray,
And memorized a flowery speech
To her, Thanksgiving Day.

"Star of my life, my heart is thine.
Pray, wilt thou be my bride?"
Was something like the way it ran,
But now his tongue was tied;
And though she sought to lead him on
With looks and laughter gay—
The sweet coquette—he only sighed
On that Thanksgiving Day.

But, lo! when from the oven's depths
The smoking bird she drew,
And dished it in a paper frill
Upon a platter blue,
The bashful lover seized her hand
And dared at last to say:
"Oh, will you cook my turkey, dear,
On next Thanksgiving Day?"

MINNA IRVING.

Twice-Told Tales.

NO MEAT EXTRACTED FROM THEM BY SOME WHO MOST NEED THE FACTS.

We have more than twice told the reader of the fact that he or she may, perhaps, easily discover the cause of the daily ill feeling, and the experiment is not difficult to make.

But there are readers who think truths are for some one else and not for themselves.

Some day the oft-told fact will flash upon us as applicable when the knowledge comes home that day after day of inconvenience, and perhaps of suffering, has been endured, the cause not being recognized or believed, although we may have been told of the cause many times over, but never believed it applied to us.

It would startle a person to know how many people suffer because they drug themselves daily with coffee. We repeat it, it is a powerful drug, and so affects the delicate nervous system that disease may appear in any part of the body, all parts being dependent for health on a healthy nervous system.

Relief from coffee for thirty days has cured thousands of people who never suspected the cause of their troubles.

The use of Postum Food Coffee is of great benefit to such, as it goes to work directly to rebuild the delicate cell structures from the elements nature selects for the work. Relief from a heavy drug, and the taking of proper nourishment is the true and only permanent method.

THERE is but one best. In bitters it is Abbott's, the Original Angostura. Get the genuine. At druggists'.

If Your Brain is Tired,

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. T. D. CROTHERS, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force." Invigorates the entire system.

Feeding to Fit

is the problem with infants. The growing child has ever changing needs, but a perfect milk can never go amiss. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the acme of substitute feeding. Send 10c. for "Baby's Diary." 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is pleasant to take—it tastes good; children like it—no trouble to administer it, and it always cures. Buy the genuine, Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup.

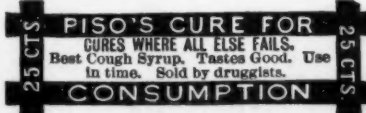
Of course you can live without telephone service, but you don't live as much as you might, because telephone service saves time, and time is the stuff of life. Rates in Manhattan from \$60 a year. New York Telephone Co.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

It has grown up with the country for 40 years. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has been a household word.

The Sohmer Piano is the prime favorite for artists for both concert and private use.

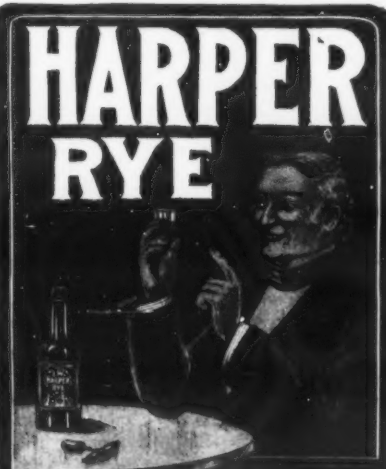
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the soap which began its sale in the 18th century, sold all through the 19th and is selling in the 20th.

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"After years of suffering, I was cured of the Morphine Habit by Wm. Carney, 152 Wyoming Ave., Melrose, Mass. There was no suffering or loss of time.—Frank Shepard, 40 Old Colony Square, Brockton, Mass."

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and the craft of making them is well exemplified in the "Nuremberg," a German Renaissance decoration by Chas. E. Kinkaid, and printed by the Pittsburg Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa. A quaint but inexpensive paper for halls and dining-rooms. Ready in December.



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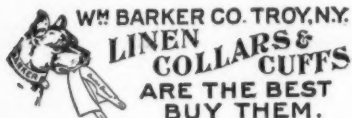
A POOR EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NO THANKSGIVING DINNER.
FARMER PLUNKETT—"Deacon Brown, what do you mean by wringing the heads off my chickens in this manner?"
DEACON BROWN—"Well, Mistah Plunkett, I doan' allow no man's chickens to bite me."

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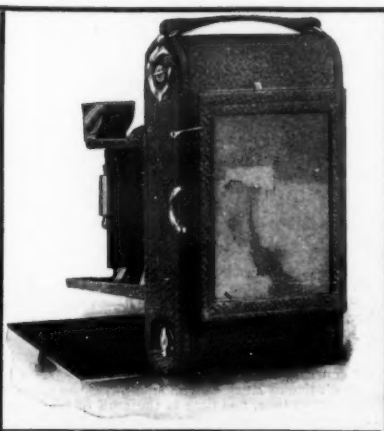
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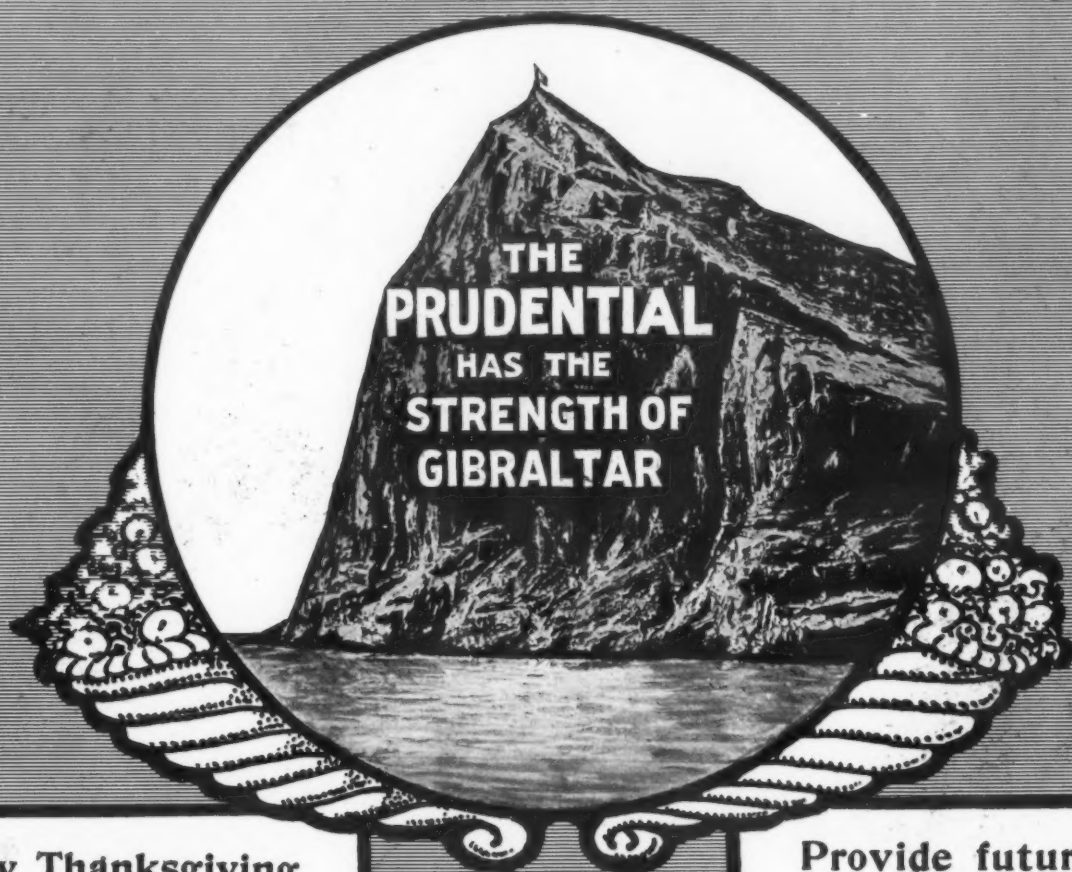
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